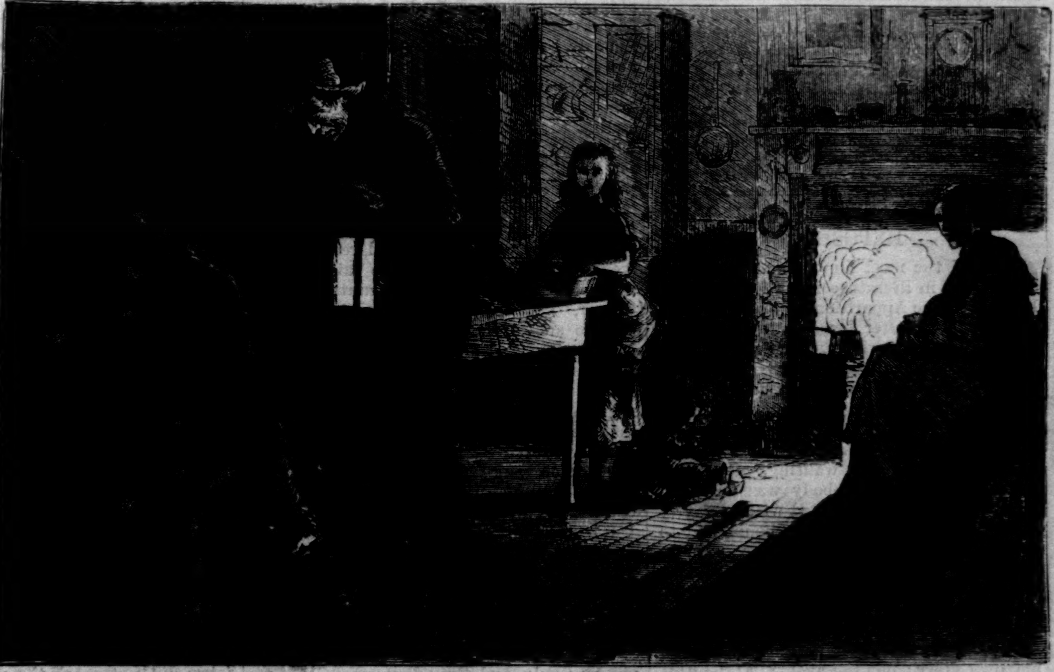
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 764.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

FARM BALLADS.—By WILL M. CARLETON.



"'TIS A HAIRY SORT OF NIGHT FOR A MAN TO FACE AND FIGHT."

JOHNNY RICH.

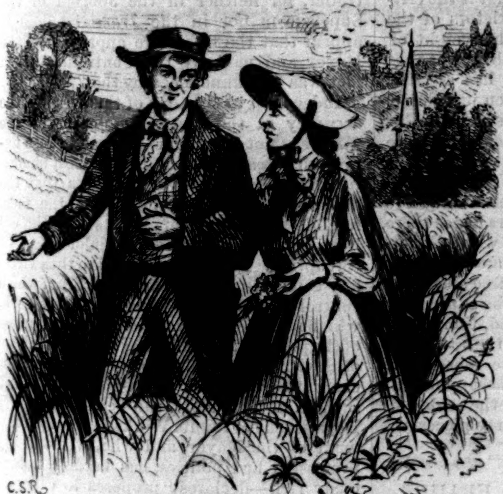
Raise the light a little, Jim,
For it's getting rather dim,
And, with such a storm a-howlin', 'twill not do to douse the glim.
Hustle down the curtains, Lu;
Poke the fire a little, Su;
This is somethin' of a flurry, mother, somethin' of a—whew!

Goodness gracious, how it pours!
How it beats ag'in the doors!
You will have a hard one, Jimmy, when you go to do the chores!
Do not overfeed the gray;
Give a plenty to the bay;
And be careful with your lantern when you go among the hay.

See the horses have a bed
When you've got 'em fairly fed;
Feed the cows that's in the stable, and the sheep that's in the shed;
Give the spotted cow some meal,
Where the brindle can not steal;
For she's greedy as a porker, and as slipp'ry as an eel.

Hang your lantern by the ring,
On a nail, or on a string;
For the Durham calf 'll bunt it, if there's any such a thing:
He's a handsome one to see,
And a knowin' one is he:
I stooped over t'other morning, and he up and went for me!

Rover thinks he hears a noise!
Just keep still a minute, boys;
Nellie, hold your tongue a second, and be silent with your toys.
Stop that barkin', now, you whelp,
Or I'll kick you till you yelp!
Yes, I hear it; 'tis somebody that's callin' out for help.



"WHEN YOU WALKED WITH HER ON SUNDAY, LOOKING SOBER, STRAIGHT, AND CLEAN."

Get the lantern, Jim and Tom;
Mother, keep the babies calm,
And we'll follow up that halloa, and we'll see where it is from.
'Tis a hairy sort of night
For a man to face and fight;
And the wind is blowin'— Hang it, Jimmy, bring another light!

. . . .

Ah! 'twas you, then, Johnny Rich,
Yelling out at such a pitch,
For a decent man to help you, while you fell into the ditch:
'Tisn't quite the thing to say,
But we ought to've let you lay,
While your drunken carcass died a-drinkin' water any way.

And to see you on my floor,
And to hear the way you snore,
Now we've lugged you under shelter, and the danger all is o'er;
And you lie there, quite resigned,
Whisky deaf, and whisky blind,
And it will not hurt your feelin's, so I guess I'll free my mind.

Do you mind, you thievin' dunce,
How you robbed my orchard once,
Takin' all the biggest apples, leavin' all the littlest runts?
Do you mind my melon-patch—
How you gobbled the whole batch,
Stacked the vines, and sliced the greenest melons, just to raise the scratch?

Do you think, you drunken wag,
It was any thing to brag,
To be cornered in my hen-roost, with two pullets in a bag?
You are used to dirty dens;
You have often slept in pens;
I've a mind to take you out there now, and roost you with the hens!

Do you call to mind with me
How, one night, you and your three
Took my wagon all to pieces for to hang it on a tree?
How you hung it up, you eels,
Straight and steady, by the wheels?
I've a mind to take you out there now, and hang you by your heels!

How, the Fourth of last July,
When you got a little high,
You went back to Wilson's counter when you thought he wasn't nigh?
How he heard some specie chink,
And was on you in a wink,
And you promised if he'd hush it that you never more would drink?

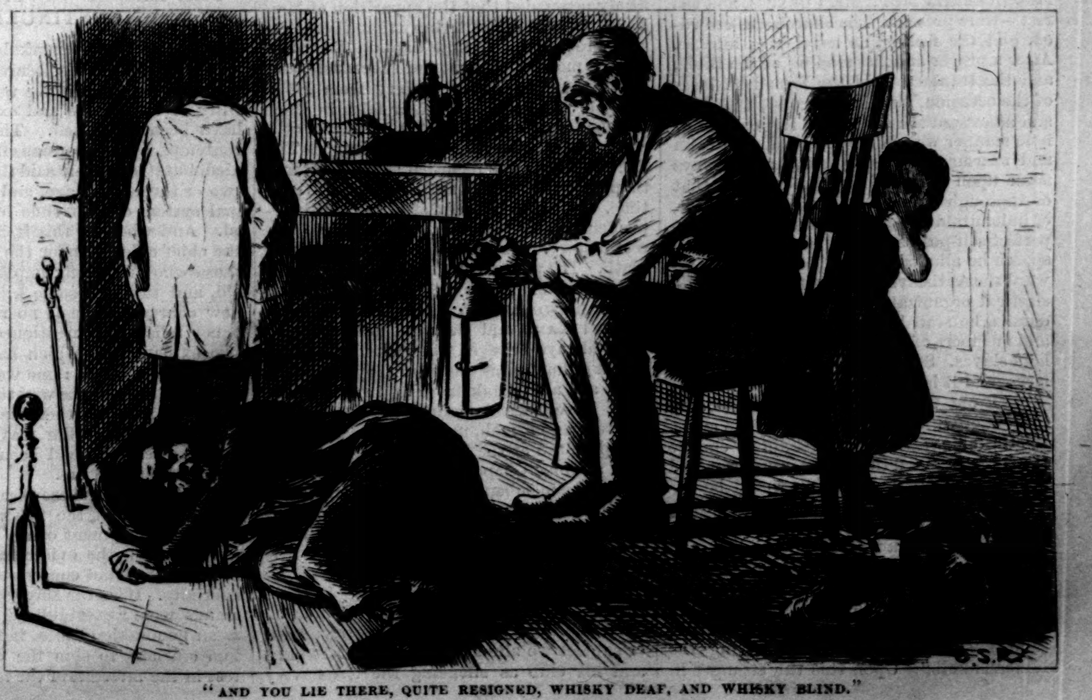
Do you mind our temperance hall?
How you're always sure to call,
And recount your reformation with the biggest speech of all?
How you talk, and how you sing,
That the pledge is just the thing—
How you sign it every winter, and then smash it every spring?

Do you mind how Jennie Green
Was as happy as a queen
When you walked with her on Sunday, looking sober, straight, and clean?
How she cried out half her sight,
When you staggered by, next night,
Twice as dirty as a serpent, and a hundred times as tight?

How our hearts with pleasure warmed
When your mother, though it stormed,
Run up here one day to tell us that you truly had reformed?
How that very self-same day,
When upon her homeward way,
She run on you, where you'd hidden, full three-quarters o'er the bay?

Oh, you little whisky-keg!
Oh, you horrid little egg!
You're goin' to destruction with your swiftest foot and leg!
I've a mind to take you out
Underneath the water-spout,
Just to rinse you up a little, so you'll know what you're about!

But you've got a handsome eye,
And, although I can't tell why,
Somethin' somewhere in you always lets you get another try:
So, for all that I have said,
I'll not douse you; but, instead,
I will strip you, I will rub you, I will put you into bed!



"AND YOU LIE THERE, QUITE RESIGNED, WHISKY DEAF, AND WHISKY BLIND."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871.

Circulation 127,000 Copies.

A NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In a few days we shall commence the publication, in the WEEKLY, of the new serial story,

"POOR MISS FINCH,"
BY
WILKIE COLLINS,
Author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

Mr. COLLINS stands in the foremost rank of living novelists, and the present story, which will be printed from advance sheets, is one of the most brilliant and fascinating efforts of his genius.

☞ *A large portion of the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is occupied by an extremely interesting and finely illustrated sketch of*

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

apropos of the One-Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth. It was written by one who was acquainted with the great poet and novelist, and who gives from personal recollection many pleasant incidents connected with his career. Among other attractions is a splendid cartoon by NAST, *called* "TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING."

AN EXTRAORDINARY ILLUSION EXPOSED.

ONE of the most famous and successful quizes in literature is DE FOE'S "True History of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal the next Day after her Death to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705." The account purported to be drawn up by a justice of the peace, at Maidstone, in Kent, "a very intelligent person." It was attested "by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman who lives in Canterbury." Nothing was wanting. It was so well done that every body was deceived. The least details were stated with a gravity and accuracy that forbade disbelief, and to this day, according to JOHN FORSTER, there are thousands of persons in England who believe that Mrs. Veal's ghost appeared.

But we have a much more extraordinary and surprising illusion than this to record. DE FOE himself did not pretend to believe his own story; but the authors of the illusion of which we speak, who are among the most intelligent people in the country, have been for twenty years, and are still, firmly persuaded of the truth of their tale. We have ourselves conversed with many of these persons, and they no more doubt that they saw and heard what they relate than the country doubts that it has seen a war and is heavily taxed. We have not room for all the details of this story, which are as minute and exact as those recorded by DE FOE; but we will mention some of them to show how remarkably life-like the illusion is. The facts, as constantly related and honestly believed by the victims of the illusion, are these—and in repeating them we merely follow those who suppose themselves to have been eye-witnesses:

In the beginning of May, 1850, the sixteenth anniversary of the American Antislavery Society was held at the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York. All the conspicuous leaders—Mr. GARRISON, Mr. PHILLIPS, Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT, Mr. FURNESS, and the rest—were present. The church was crowded, and the feeling, as usual, was intense. After a prayer and the reading of the Bible, and the transaction of the formal business of the occasion, Mr. GARRISON left the chair and addressed the meeting. His characteristic manner was singularly bland and calm and measured. The impression he always made upon his peculiar platform was that of thorough comprehension of his subject, of indomitable resolution, and of the most perfect self-possession. In the course of his speech he alluded to the hostile attitude toward the Antislavery movement of the ecclesiastical organizations; and, proceeding to details, he stated that even certain priests and members of the Roman Catholic Church held slaves. Suddenly a voice from the gallery—and it is here that the illusion begins—cried out to know if that was the only Church of which the remark could be made. Mr. GARRISON, without the slightest change of manner, replied that if the inquirer would wait a moment his question would be answered, and he went on to state the same truth of many of the other sects.

General TAYLOR was then President, and Mr. GARRISON presently spoke of him as what was called a Christian, and yet, he said, the General holds and buys slaves, and his Christianity—quoting a current phrase—did not prevent him from "giving the Mexicans hell." Upon this the stranger in the gallery interrupted the speaker still more violently, and, surrounded by a body of men, members of the "Empire Club," he pressed up to the platform, vociferating that Mr. GARRISON must stick to his text, and not insult the government. The whole audience arose in the utmost confusion, and the proceedings stopped. Colonel KANE, son of the late Judge KANE, of Philadelphia, a young man who had been drawn by sympathetic curiosity to the meeting, and who stood upon the platform, immediately planted himself by the side of the ringleader of the disturbers, and said, quietly, his hands in his overcoat pockets, "I shall shoot this man if he lays a finger upon any body." "This man" was Captain ISAIAH RYNDERS. The members of the society appealed to the Chief of Police, Mr. MATSELL, for protection. He replied that he should do nothing until RYNDERS struck somebody. The HUTCHINSONS attempted to allay the tumult with a song. But it was in vain.

Captain RYNDERS virtually took command of the meeting. The great mass of the audience, evidently friendly to Mr. GARRISON and his cause, called for Mr. FURNESS, of Philadelphia. There were also calls for Dr. GRANT, a friend of Captain RYNDERS. It was agreed that Mr. FURNESS should speak if he would not take all the time, and he proceeded, incessantly interrupted and insulted by Captain RYNDERS. Then Dr. GRANT spoke, asserting that science showed negroes to be baboons. When he ended there was a cry for FREDERICK DOUGLASS. DOUGLASS appeared amidst a tempest of applause. When it subsided he was about to begin, when Captain RYNDERS, who, with his followers, still stood upon the platform, declared that he would knock him down if he said a word against the government or country. "Dr. GRANT," began Mr. DOUGLASS, "says that science shows the negro to be a baboon. Look at me and answer. Am I a monkey or a man?" The response from the audience was a tempest of applause. "Pooh!" said Captain RYNDERS; "you are not a negro; you are half white." "Then I am your half-brother," instantly retorted DOUGLASS, and the church rang again. Captain RYNDERS still interrupted DOUGLASS as he proceeded, but more cautiously, so trenchant were DOUGLASS'S replies. As he ended, DOUGLASS called his friend WARD to the platform—a man six feet high, and of the blackest skin. "Am *I* black enough?" began WARD, and he spoke so brilliantly and wittily that he was scarcely interrupted.

The Tabernacle had been secured for one meeting only, and the adjournment was to Hope Chapel. At the hour appointed Captain RYNDERS and the Empire Club had taken possession of that hall. The antislavery orators, Mrs. MOTT, Mr. PHILLIPS, Mr. GARRISON, were not permitted to speak. Presently the owner of the hall sent word to them that they might do with themselves what they chose, but that the hall should not be exposed to violence, and they must therefore leave. The meeting was thus dispersed by Captain RYNDERS and his mob; it "ran away," as the newspapers said; and the mob sealed their victory by cheers for the *Herald*, the *Globe*, the Constitution, and the Church. And so absolute was the triumph of the mob that for two years the American Antislavery Society held no meeting in New York, because nobody dared to let a hall for the purpose.

This is the story. It is familiar to thousands of persons, and is implicitly believed by them as well as by those who were present. The English readers were not more firmly persuaded that the apparition of Mrs. Veal appeared at Canterbury than these persons are convinced that Captain RYNDERS and his mob appeared at the Tabernacle, and drove the Antislavery Society from Hope Chapel. And such was their faith in what they had seen and heard that it affected others. The illusion passed into history. The RYNDERS mob was regarded as no less a fact than the SACHEVEREL mobs in DE FOE'S own time. But it is the part of a free and independent press to scatter illusions and to correct history. We are now enabled to tell the truth. The persons at the antislavery meeting saw no mob and no rioters. Mrs. MOTT, Mr. GARRISON, Mr. PHILLIPS, Mr. FURNESS, Colonel KANE, and the vast numbers who have always believed otherwise will think better of human nature when they learn that they are all mistaken. For twenty years they have been imagining a vain thing. There was no mob, no riot. The scene on the platform at the Tabernacle, the dispersion at Hope Chapel, were both an illusion, and if the members of the society only knew it, they held their meetings and departed undisturbed; and to say that Captain RYNDERS and his mob silenced Mrs. MOTT is libelous.

The proof we will now present. In these columns we once spoke of this illusion as of an actual occurrence. In discussing another subject we alluded to Captain RYNDERS and his club as silencing the antislavery orators, and a few days afterward the following letter was received:

> "LAW OFFICE OF BROWN, HALL, & VANDERPOEL,
> "291 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
> "*December* 4, 1869.
>
> "*Messrs. Harper & Brothers:*
>
> "GENTLEMEN,—In a recent issue of your newspaper called *Harper's Weekly* appeared an article reflecting upon our client, Captain ISAIAH RYNDERS, charging him, in substance and effect, with aiding a mob and being a rioter. It is in the issue of the paper upon the frontispiece of which appears a picture of CHARLES A. DANA, Esq., and is on the third page of that paper. So long as such charges were confined to the partisan dailies, Captain RYNDERS has taken no exception to kindred allegations, which he declares to be utterly false and libelous. If they are unfounded, we advise him that they are libelous; and an allegation of such a character, in a journal devoted, as its title-page attests, to 'civilization,' seems to call for some notice on his part.
>
> "He has requested us to commence a suit for libel. He could, of course, commence it by arrests, etc.; but neither he nor we desire sensational or vexatious proceedings. If, therefore, you will be kind enough to acquaint us with the name of your attorney, who will accept service of proper papers in the action at law for libel, we will remain obliged,
>
> "BROWN, HALL, & VANDERPOEL,
> "By A. OAKEY HALL,
> "Of Counsel."

The only difficulty now is to know what accepted historical fact is true, if this story of the mob is not. If the captain did not turn the society out of the chapel for the sake of the Constitution, who will believe, for instance, that his counsel ever turned his political coat for his own advantage? If it be a libel to say that Captain RYNDERS and his mob interrupted the meeting, then it must be an equal libel to say that the present Chief Magistrate of the city clothed himself in green upon St. Patrick's Day to flatter the Irish, and was heartily despised for his pains. Indeed, if the riotous conduct of the captain was all an illusion, why may it not be all an illusion that the present Mayor of New York is a gentleman of unsuspected honesty?

The letter of Captain RYNDERS'S counsel was promptly answered more than twenty months ago, but nothing further has been heard from counsel or client. This makes the whole matter more illusory than ever. If a suit for libel was really intended, why was it not prosecuted? Can it be possible that it was not intended? Can it be possible that the letter was meant to serve as a threat? This journal, in which the article appeared, had by pen and pencil sharply criticised the Tammany Ring, of which Mr. "A. OAKEY HALL, of Counsel," was a member.

Was the libel suit, therefore, a suggestion of the counsel to the client, and was the letter intended as a warning that if the criticism did not cease, the proprietors of the offending paper should feel the weight of the Ring's displeasure? Possibly; but that criticism has not ceased. It has steadily continued. Whether it has been justifiable, recent revelations have perhaps shown. But how tenacious are popular illusions! There are people living to-day who actually believe that the apparition of Mrs. Veal appeared to Mrs. Bargrave a hundred and sixty-five years ago; and a hundred years hence there will be a great and free people who will actually believe that the captain and his party did trample upon the right of free speech to save slavery; and that when the supremacy of slavery seemed to be assured, there were some persons—and we invite the attention of his learned counsel to the fact—who, obeying, of course, the highest political principle, crawled over to the side of slavery, and received their thirty pieces.

THE LESSON OF THE FRAUDS CONTINUED.

NOT the least remarkable fact in connection with the disclosures of city frauds made by the *Times* is the utter folly and futility of the replies and explanations that have been published. They are beneath contempt. The enormous frauds are not denied, but it is gravely said that they occurred two or three years ago, and that the municipal system of that time has been abolished. And when to this it is answered that the chief officers under the new system are those who are chiefly implicated under the old, and that the same kind of frauds are now charged, there is no reply; even flippancy fails. We mentioned last week the two explanations which had then been offered by the Mayor: one was that the *Times* had itself opened the way to frauds upon the treasury; and the other, that the duty of the Mayor and Controller was merely "ministerial" after bills had been audited by the Board of Supervisors.

To the first of these pleas the conclusive answer was that the *Times* demanded only the honest payment of an undisputed bill; to the second the evident answer was that honest men do not consent to be knaves ministerially. If, as the Mayor conceded, the demands were "exorbitant," it was his duty, as an honorable citizen, if the law required him officially to sign the warrants, to protest in the interests of the tax-payers, and to resign his office rather than to connive at defrauding them. But the law did not require it. On the contrary, the law required that he should approve no demands of the justice of which he was not satisfied. Why, then, did he sign the warrants, and why did the Controller pay them? Thus the very ground of their replies being taken from under their feet, the implicated authorities have tried other excuses. One is that the old Board of Supervisors, which audited the demands that the Mayor confesses were exorbitant—but which, nevertheless, he and the Controller approved—was composed equally from the two great parties, and that the frauds were therefore no more Democratic than Republican.

This plea, which does not deny the frauds, disappeared before the fact that the frauds occurred during the years 1869 and 1870, while the old Board of Supervisors, which audited them, ceased to be half Republican on the 1st of January, 1867, and was thenceforward Democratic. And the feeble attempt of the Mayor to escape, not by disproving the frauds, but by shifting the responsibility upon the Supervisors, fades contemptuously before the fact that Mr. TWEED, the chief of the old Board and of the New York Democratic party, and the chairman of the Supervisors' committee upon the new Court-house, for which the frauds were perpetrated, was appointed by the same Mayor to the most important position under the new city charter, while Mr. INGERSOLL, who drew a large part of the money, was Mr. TWEED'S old partner and present companion, and was only last year appointed by the same Mayor a commissioner to complete the new Court-house. Moreover, if it had been true that at the date of these frauds the Board of Supervisors was half Republican, is that any reason why the Controller should have disobeyed the law which orders a periodical publication of his receipts and payments?

But that no possible disgrace should be wanting to the transaction, it has been also asserted that the conduct of the *Times* in telling these terrible truths is fraudulent because the frauds themselves had been already published in the volume of proceedings of the Supervisors and in the *Transcript*, a paper of the Ring! But this, again, if true, is not a denial of the frauds; it is only a flippant sneer that the cheated tax-payers might earlier have known that they were cheated. Nor does the fact of publication affect the conduct of the Mayor and Controller, for neither in the Journal of the Supervisors nor in the *Transcript* does it appear that the bills were approved by the Mayor and paid by the Controller, which fact was first announced by the *Times*.

Indeed, up to the time of this writing, the accuracy of the figures published by the *Times* has not been impeached, and those figures incontestably establish the most shameful frauds. The Mayor confesses that the demands were "exorbitant," and the most forcible-feeble of his apologists calls the old Board of Supervisors a scandalous nest of corruption. Enormous frauds are thus virtually confessed by the Tammany Ring, which controls the Democratic party of New York, which managed the last National Convention of the party, and which Mr. TWEED—the head of the Ring, the chairman of the Supervisors' committee upon the Court-house, the chief sachem of Tammany, the head of the city Department of Public Works by the appointment of the Mayor, and who, without any profession but politics, has become notoriously rich—declares "proposes to carry on a strictly economical government, and to wrest, if possible, the national government from the hands of those who now, in our opinion, are betraying it." And a very pretty economical government the Tammany Ring would make of it!

That there are the most honorable men in the Democratic party in this city and State, as elsewhere, needs not to be said. But the fact is plain that the men to whom this city has been delivered, bound hand and foot—who have, as now appears, connived at the most unprecedented frauds—are the men whom the Democratic party has continued in power. Nobody will pretend to be surprised by any thing in the facts now revealed but their enormity. Nobody will assert that he has believed the city of New York to be honestly governed. Every body has been morally sure of what is now made evident. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the authors of these transactions have been the accepted leaders of the Democratic party. The respectable members of that party have yielded to them, and voted for them, and insisted that they were no worse than others; and the only attempt to withstand them in the party proceeded from a few city politicians and papers, who, as the result proved, were merely driving a bargain with the Ring.

Is this the party and are these the leaders that the intelligent voters of the United States wish to put into a position "to carry on a strictly economical government" of the kind which it is now shown that they have been carrying on in New York? There are Republicans every where who are vexed with follies and offenses in their own party. But is there any thing in Republican rule, or in the character and tendency of the Republican party, which is so menacing to the welfare of the country and to the permanence of the government as the Democratic financial corruption and betrayal of constitutional liberty which the country has recently seen in the great city in which that party is supreme? Fortunately for us all, the events of the last month have been presented, as we said last week, upon the most central and conspicuous stage in the country. The Tammany Ring, by its money, its organization, its ability, now controls the Democratic party, as it was once controlled by the slave-masters. And every voter in the land may be sure that the Tammany Democracy does not change more than that old slave power changed. The peace and prosperity of the country are now to be perpetuated, as they were a few years ago to be secured, only by prostrating the Tammany tyranny and corruption as effectually and finally as those of slavery were prostrated.

THE CENTENARY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The centenary of Sir Walter Scott will be celebrated with the utmost enthusiasm wherever the English language is spoken. He was, indeed, a Scotchman of whom his countrymen will be always most proud; but he wrote in the language common to England and the United States, and his fame is as warmly cherished in this country as it can be in his own. Abbotsford, like Stratford, is one of the fond shrines of American pilgrimage, and the nationality of the great story-teller is forgotten in his humanity. He was, indeed, especially attached to Scotland; and with what eager delight he had mastered its history and its romantic lore was first shown by the notes to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which are full of Scotch legend and tradition. After the poems came the novels, in which the same local love and sympathy appear. But he did not give up to Scotland what was meant for mankind. His exquisite instinct chose only what was essentially romantic, and the light of his genius played upon characters which were universally intelligible.

As at the centenary of Burns, therefore, a few years ago, so in that of Scott, all exclusive national sentiment disappears in the general sympathy. As at that time, also, the Burns clubs, which are mainly composed of Scotchmen, took the lead in the celebration, so it is but natural that the Scotchmen in cities where there are many of them should act as ushers of the Scott festival. But any disposition to give it an exclusively national or local character would be unwise. Scott's fame can not in that way be appropriated or monopolized; and it is to be regretted if the published intention to lay in New York the foundation stone for the pedestal of the statue for which the subscription has been raised among Scotchmen solely should seem to give to the occasion an aspect too exclusively Scottish. It is not surprising that, having raised the money among themselves, Scott's countrymen should select the centenary as the day for beginning the erection of the work; but the gentlemen interested might have been very sure that, had they generally invited subscriptions, the response would have been most ready and ample, and the statue to be erected to the Magician would have represented the homage of all who have felt his happy spell.

But these are unimportant forms which the kind spirit of the occasion will disregard. The sweet manliness of Scott's own nature will be the genius of the day. Whatever is done and whoever speaks, it will be impossible not to recount the story of that memorable career, and nobody can hear it without recalling with gratitude and admiration that wonderful series of works which gave so high and harmless a delight, and blessing the good genius which inspired them. That story has its tenderly touching and tragic aspects also. With all its triumph and renown, there are few careers of which the tale is more melancholy than that of the beloved Sir Walter. In his masterly estimate of it Carlyle spoke for all who are familiar with the facts, and with a mournful eloquence which he has never surpassed. "And so the curtain falls, and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. A possession from him does remain, widely scattered, yet attainable, not inconsiderable. It can be said of him when he departed he took a man's life with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. Alas! his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it, plowed deep with labor and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter! pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell."

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

The progress of the peaceful revolution which is gradually proceeding in England is very interesting. Within a short time the popular protest against the grant to Prince Arthur, the cool reception of the Prince of Wales in Dublin, and the abolition of the army purchase system in disregard of the House of Lords, are all significant signs. This last act, all our readers may not have seen, was that of Mr. Gladstone, who, finding that the Lords would not support his scheme for the abolition of the system of buying commissions in the army, announced that the Queen had abolished it, as it was instituted, by royal warrant. The Duke of Richmond moved a vote of censure upon the ministry. The Marquis of Salisbury, the ablest of the Tory peers, thought that the Lords were bound to resent the great outrage, which would otherwise be a standing menace to the authority of the House of Lords. Lord Cairns and other peers supported the motion, and even Lord Russell said that he would vote for it. But when the vote was taken the House of Lords acquiesced by a majority of eighty in the blow which was aimed at them. The Peers are not only most interested in the purchase system which is thus abolished, and not only resisted the abolition, but the method in which it was done was peculiarly humiliating, yet by an enormous majority they yielded.

This act is a public declaration of the general feeling in England that the House of Lords is to be henceforth only a tolerated ornament of the British system, and it is significant of the manner in which the fundamental changes will be wrought. In a very interesting letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial* Mr. M. D. Conway recently describes Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, whom Mr. Conway calls the great apostle of the radical working class. He is a republican, who inaugurates clubs of that political faith, and who holds public debates upon religious questions. Mr. Conway heard him upon the coming revolution in England, and was evidently impressed by the sagacity and power of the orator, whom he describes as a man of a dark skin, smooth face, strong features, high forehead, and long, straight black hair, brushed closely behind his ears.

Mr. Bradlaugh stated coolly and pointedly the situation in England. The landed aristocracy he affirms to be the real government of the country, and they are constantly relieving themselves of pressure. One hundred and twenty years ago they bore a fifth of the national burden; now they bear a seventieth. Twenty-nine millions of acres in the country are uncultivated, of which certainly more than half could be cultivated with profit. The agricultural laborers, the most wretched of men, are still deteriorating; they are ignorant, wretched, degraded; their wages from seven to fifteen shillings a week. This can not endure. The combustible materials of a revolution are widely spread under English society, and in his opinion the only question is whether it will be peaceable or violent. He thinks it will be peaceable, and he warns the royal family to get out of the way.

The action of the ministry and the acquiescence of the Lords show that they feel the forces of which Mr. Bradlaugh speaks. The steady political movement in England is to equality of rights, and to their final practical assertion only a formal protest, like that of the Duke of Richmond, is likely to be urged. Even the Prince of Wales, Mr. Conway says, has himself expressed the doubt, which many others have expressed, that he "might possibly never reign in this country."

PERSONAL.

A gentleman who has been spending a week with Will M. Carleton, the Farm Balladist, says that upon first appearance Mr. Carleton would not impress the casual observer as being a gentleman of any poetic ability. He is wanting in those general characteristics which have stamped the poets of former days. He would more likely be taken for a statesman of the Washington type, his face and head bearing a strong resemblance to what Washington might have been in his younger days. But a close acquaintance would radically change the impression. His face in repose is not expressive—his eyes are somewhat dull and dreamy—but the instant his sympathies are aroused, whether giving expression to his own poems or discussing the merits of others, then it is his countenance lights up—now beaming with joy, now depressed again in sorrow, as his subjects vary. His address is frank, but yet betrays a nervous sensitiveness, and he is evidently conscious of the position he has taken and the duties expected of him. He is generous, hospitable, unostentatious to a fault, and has no desire to be made an elephant of. He is, as he himself asserts, emphatically a Western man, and his only desire to travel is that he may obtain points for his poetic muse to illustrate. He is very frank in his expressions of tenderness for his parents, who reside a few miles below him, at Hudson; and when told his subjects were anacreontic when considered from his inexperienced stand-point, tenderly declared that all that was good and affectionate he drank in from *Home.* He is a perfect enthusiast in all matters connected with the literary world; is endowed with good commonsense and high moral character. He is only about twenty-five years of age, and graduated with the highest honors from Hillsdale College, Michigan.

—The public are indebted to an English journal for the following lines, the authorship of which is unknown, giving in a few words the history of the "Tichborne case" so far as it has been already unraveled:

> "The firm of Baxter, Rose, and Norton
> Deny the claimant's Arthur Orton,
> But can't deny, what's more important,
> That he has done what Arthur oughtn't."

—Under the provisions of Mr. Peabody's will another block of dwellings was completed and formally opened in London on the 1st of the present month. They are light, airy-looking buildings, thoroughly ventilated, thoroughly comfortable, and would be deemed reasonable in New York at $200 to $250 a year. Yet the single rooms are rented at 50 cents, two rooms at $1, or three at $1 25 a week, and at these rates every room was promptly taken, and could have been let twice over. Three hundred and twenty-five tenants occupy the premises. Is the time ever to come in New York when small families of refined people, living on moderate salaries, can obtain really comfortable lodgings at from $300 to $500 a year? That is what is needed rather than more expensive lodging-houses.

—Michelet, the historian, has been in bad health since February last, and his recovery is not looked for. He is now seventy-three. When twenty-three he was professor of ancient languages and philosophy in the College Sainte-Barbare. Soon after the revolution of 1830 he was appointed chief of the historical archives of the realm. After succeeding Guizot as lecturer on history, and writing many pamphlets and some books, the government, in 1851, interdicted his lectures, and he has since lived in retirement.

—Judge Hoar is as sharp as he is quick at repartee. At one of those dinners given to the High Commission, where, as an old English judge remarked, "dinner lubricates business," Judge H., alluding to the unfriendliness of England for our cause during the war, marveled that the British people could give their sympathies against the free side. "But it was not the intelligent opinion that favored the South," said Professor Bernard: "eminently cultivated people in England sympathized with the North." "Well," retorted the judge, quietly, "I am almost quoting your own speeches and writings." Whereupon the subject was suddenly dropped.

—It is announced in a foreign journal that the Khedive of Egypt is about to revisit Europe, and intends soliciting the honor of reconstructing at his own expense some one of the burned monuments in Paris as a splendid and durable testimony of his admiration. Another journal mentions that Mr. Richard Wallace, the new Commander of the Legion of Honor, is about worthily to close the series of his benefactions to Paris and to France by rebuilding, at his sole cost, the palace of that order of knighthood. It is said, also, that Ismail Pasha has sent 100,000 francs to the French consul at Alexandria for the orphans made by the late strife. Mr. Wallace, it is well known, has given much larger sums for various charitable purposes, and his name is likely to be cherished in Paris as Mr. Peabody's is in England.

—Disraeli, at sixty-five, presents quite a contrast in appearance to the Disraeli of thirty-five years ago, as he looked to N. P. Willis, who, in "Pencilings by the Way," thus sketches him as he appeared at a dinner-party at Lady Blessington's: "Disraeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him rather a conspicuous object. .... His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats; a thick, heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock; while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously 'with thy incomparable oil, Macassar.' He talked like a race-horse approaching the winning-post—every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out in every burst....I have been told that he once stood for a London borough; a coarse fellow came up to the hustings, and said to him, 'I should like to know, Sir, on what ground you stand here, Sir?' 'On my head, Sir,' answered Disraeli."

—The proprietor of the *Independent* announces that the literary department of that widely circulated and ably conducted journal has been placed in charge of Dr. T. Munson Coan. Dr. Coan is among the most promising and industrious of the young literary men of the day. His contributions to *Harper's Magazine*, as well as to several other of the leading monthlies, and to the weekly and daily press, evince superior abilities and culture, and an aptitude for journalistic work that renders the services of such men very valuable.

—Apropos of the full-length bronze statue of the poet Halleck—for which a site has been selected by the Commissioners of Central Park—a considerable portion of the $12,000 required for the statue remains to be subscribed. While some eighty gentlemen of this city have given their names for about half the amount, it is to be stated, to the honor of the State of Connecticut, the birth-place of the gifted poet, that she has furnished *one contributor to the amount of fifteen dollars, and he a poet!*

—Speaking of Minister Washburne, a gentleman who professes to know what he is writing about says that from the time of General Grant's nomination Mr. W. had an understanding that he was to be minister to France; for, as soon as General G. was elected, Mr. W. began the study of the French language. A teacher was constantly in the house, and not only did he become a clever French scholar, but his family acquired the language also. He also paid frequent visits to Mr. Sumner, who aided him in airing his lessons. Mr. Sumner is accomplished in French, his conversation being more free from improper pronunciation and grammatical inaccuracy than that of any official in Washington. He keeps it up by constant practice, and never addresses his servants except in French unless visitors are present. He is equally familiar with Spanish.

—Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, one of the new bishops (the see was established in 1848, and endowed with $22,500 a year), is a practical man, and was made a bishop more for peculiar fitness than from political influence. In a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on the evening of July 9 he referred to the Treaty of Washington in the following terms: "I have heard the treaty called an act of national humiliation. To my mind it is an act of the nation showing itself willing to rectify, not one day too soon, a great and conspicuous wrong. It is the act of a nation recognizing the obligations of conscience, and doing righteousness."

—In the "Life and Times of Lord Brougham," recently published by Harper & Brothers, at page 59 occurs the following paragraph, that may be of interest to photographers, as therein Lord Brougham distinctly claims to have been the original discoverer of photography. He says: "I soon returned to pure mathematics, and several of the propositions afterward mentioned in my paper on Porisms were investigated at this time. I was also diligently employed in experiments upon light and colors, and conceived that I had made some additions to the Newtonian doctrine, which I sent to the Royal Society in the summer of 1795. The paper was very courteously received; but Sir Charles Blagden (the secretary) desired parts to be left out in the notes or queries as belonging rather to the arts and sciences. This was very unfortunate, because I, having observed the effect of a small hole in the window-shutter of a darkened room, when a view is formed on white paper of the external objects, had suggested that if that view is formed, not on paper, but on ivory rubbed with nitrate of silver, the picture would become permanent; and I had suggested improvements in drawing founded upon this fact. Now this is the origin of photography; and had the note containing the suggestion in 1795 appeared, in all probability it would have set others on the examination of the subject, and given us photography half a century earlier than we have had it."

—Among the candidates of the Democratic party for the next Presidency, Pennsylvania is not unlikely to present the name of Chief Justice James Thompson, of the Supreme Court. Judge Thompson, after having received a good education, commenced life as a printer; afterward was admitted to the bar; elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1828, '32, '33, and '34, serving the last year as Speaker. In 1836 he was a Presidential elector, presiding judge of the District Court for six years, and member of Congress from 1845 to 1851. In 1857 he was elected judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for fifteen years. Another candidate is ex-Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, a native of this State, and for some years a leading member of the Wyoming County bar. In 1851 he removed to Wisconsin, was elected judge of the First Judicial Circuit in 1853, but resigned in 1856. In 1857 he was elected United States Senator for six years, and re-elected in 1863. He is now in his prime—fifty-six—and although possessed of superior abilities, has too recently left the Republican party, and not yet sufficiently in full communion with the Democratic, to be classed among the really prominent Presidential aspirants.

—Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees announces that at the expiration of his present Congressional term he will withdraw entirely from political life and devote himself to the legal profession. Mr. Voorhees is a man of commanding presence, a fine scholar, and one of the most eloquent men in Congress. He entered the House of Representatives in 1860, and has since been almost constantly in public life. In the very prime of manhood—he is only forty-three—he wisely determines to step from the turbid pool of politics to win more enduring fame and fortune at the bar.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The July statement of the national debt shows a reduction during that month of $8,701,976.

The total internal revenue receipts for July were $14,236,057 09.

The recent election in North Carolina resulted in a Republican triumph by a majority of several thousand. The Democratic project for a Convention to revise the State Constitution is defeated.

President Grant has been officially notified of the removal of the Italian seat of government to Rome.

The corporation of the University of Vermont has voted to admit women to the university under rules to be hereafter presented by the faculty.

The Navy Register to July 1, 1871, shows the total number of vessels in the navy to be 179, of which 51 are iron-clads, laid up at League Island, New Orleans, Washington, and other places; 36 are abroad on foreign stations, and many are laid up, as the law does not permit the enlistment of a sufficient force to send them to sea.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Fenian leaders in Ireland made arrangements to hold a public meeting in Dublin, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to that city, for the purpose of demanding the release of the Fenian prisoners still in jail. The assemblage was prohibited by the authorities, but the projectors insisted. The meeting was held Saturday evening, August 5, and a serious riot ensued, which lasted for half an hour. The police finally succeeded in dispersing the crowd. Mr. Smyth, M.P., and Mr. Sullivan, of the *Nation*, the leading spirits in the projected meeting, were badly wounded, and over a hundred other injured persons were taken to the hospitals. The leaders will be prosecuted.

The British Parliament has voted a yearly allowance of £15,000 to Prince Arthur. There was no opposition in the House of Lords, and but little in the Commons, where only eleven votes were recorded in the negative.

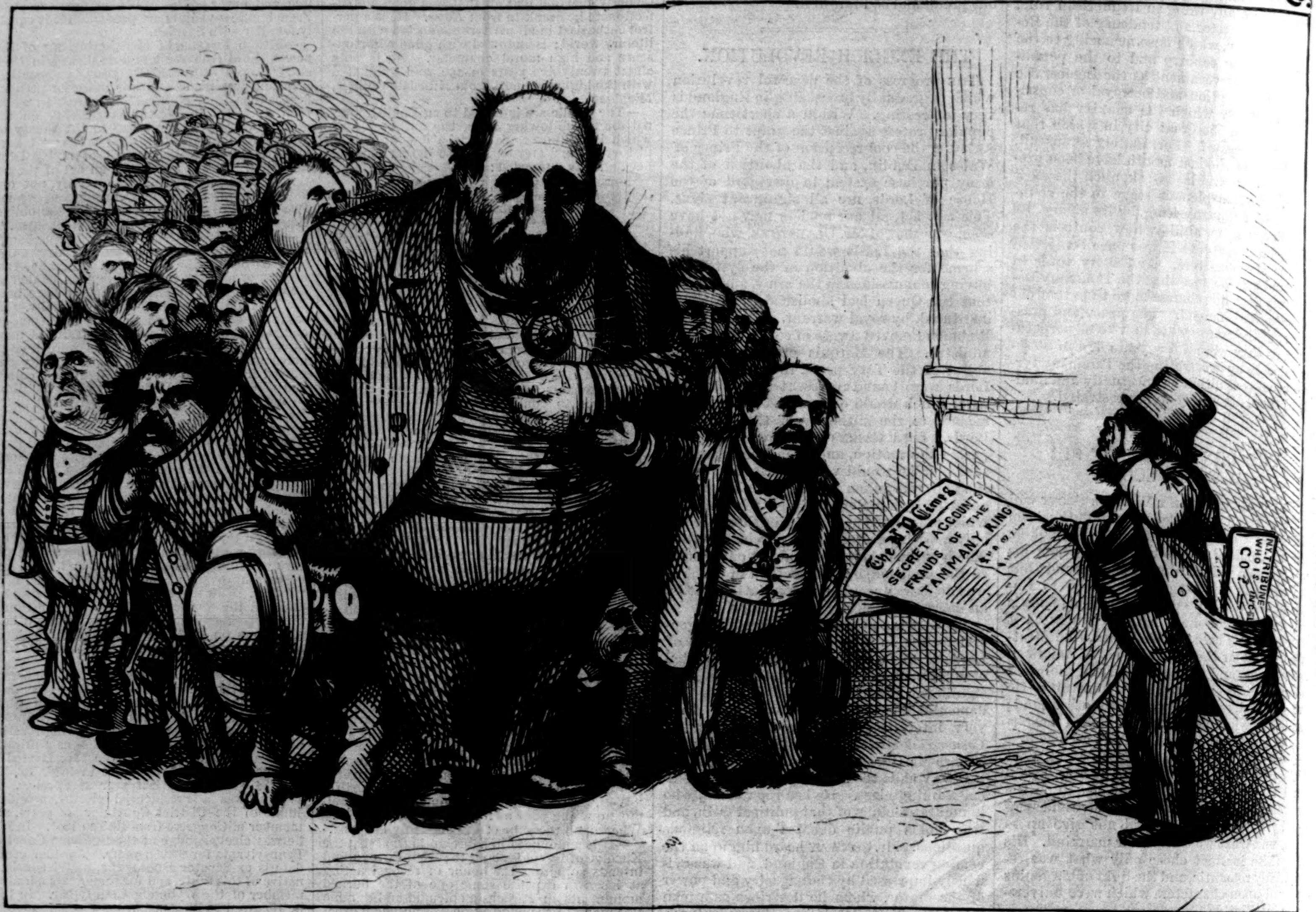
The payment of the second installment of half a billion francs, on account of the indemnity to the Germans, has been completed. The German army of occupation in France is reduced to 150,000 men.

A rumored Communist scheme to fire the large cities of France has elicited from the French government an order forbidding vessels laden with petroleum to ascend the Seine to Rouen.

King Thokambu, of the Fiji Islands, has formed a new cabinet, largely composed of Englishmen, to the disgust of other foreign residents. The rebellious members of one of the native tribes have been hired to planters for the benefit of the royal treasury.

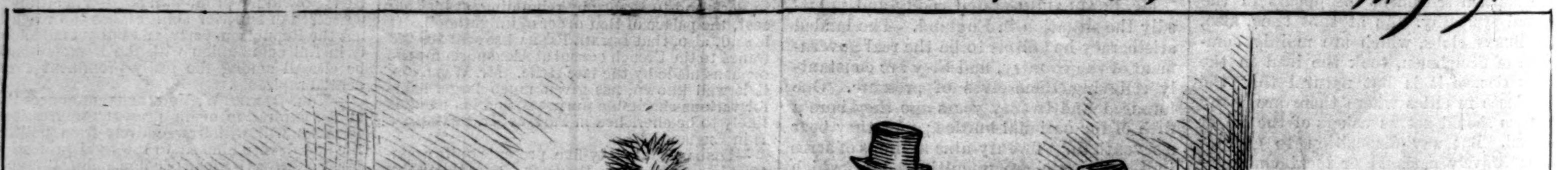
"WHO IS INGERSOLL'S CO?" N.Y. TRIBUNE.

MR. INGERSOLL. "ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY CO."


The N.Y. Times
SECRET ACCOUNTS
FRAUDS OF THE
TAMMANY RING
N.Y. TRIBUNE
WHO IS INGERSOLL'S
CO?

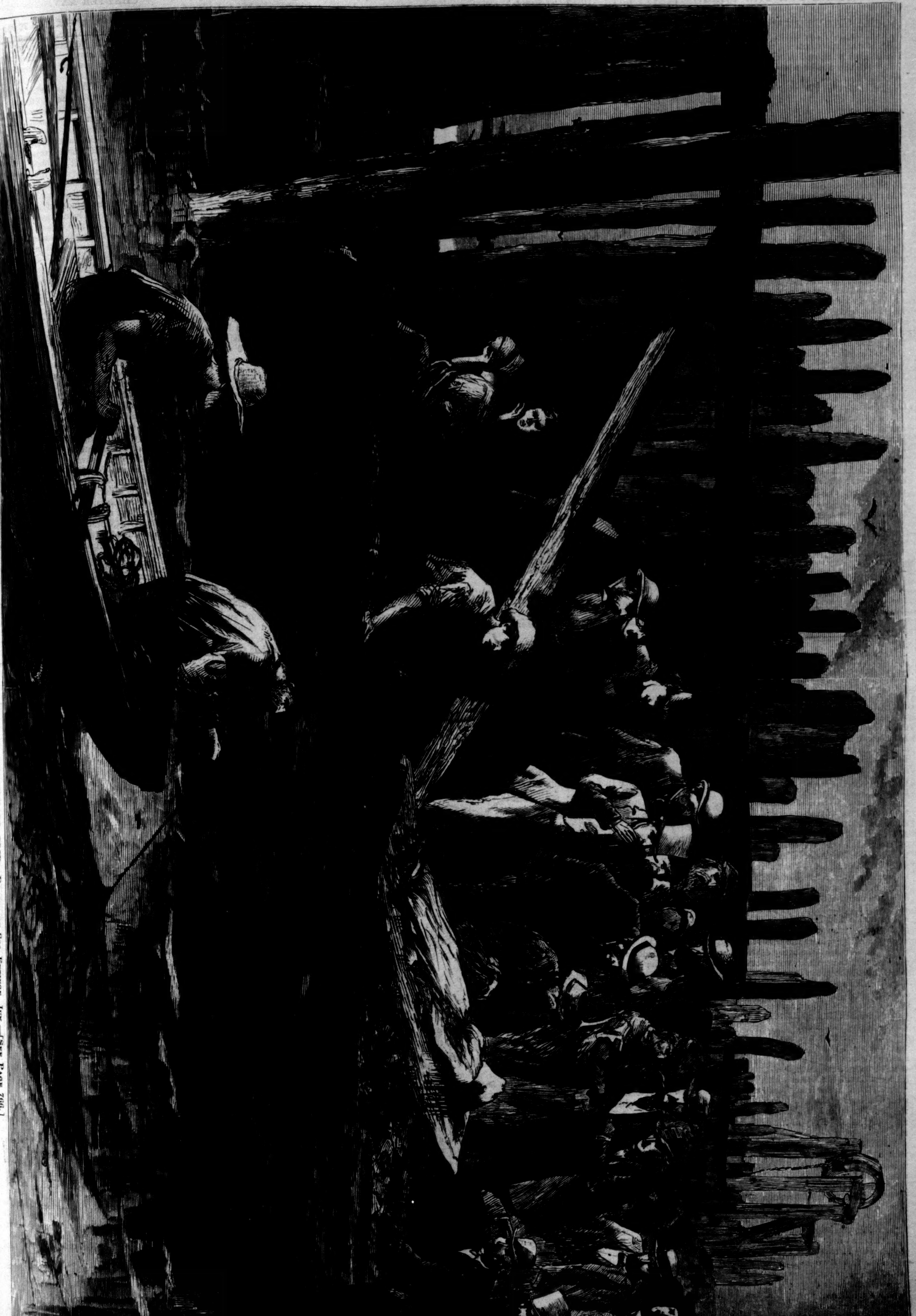
TWO GREAT QUESTIONS.

Th. Nast.


MILLER
CARPENTER
KEYSER & CO GAS PIPES
J. W. SMITH AWNINGS
PLASTER
SMITH CARPETS
CHAIRS
CO FURNITURE
JOHN SMITH
TOM DICK & HARRY
OLD BOARD
NEW BOARD
TAMMANY RING

"WHO STOLE THE PEOPLE'S MONEY?" — DO TELL. N.Y. TIMES.

'TWAS HIM.



THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY-BOAT DISASTER—RECOVERY OF DEAD BODIES AT WHITEHALL SLIP.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 766.]

GRAPPLING FOR THE DEAD.

For several days after the terrible disaster on board the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield* the docks around Whitehall Slip presented a most sad and pathetic spectacle, which Mr. Eytinge has admirably realized in our illustration on page 765. All the available standing-place for several blocks above and below the slip which afforded a view of the river was occupied by an eager crowd of persons watching the movements of those who were engaged in grappling for the bodies of those victims of the disaster who had been blown into the water or had jumped overboard in the panic caused by the explosion. Dense and motley as it was, the crowd was most quiet and orderly. Every one seemed to be awed into silence. There was no loud talking, no pushing. Only now and then, when a body was raised to the surface, a pitying murmur, almost like a groan, was audible, that seemed to be wrung from the heart of every one of those silent watchers. Even the newsboys and boot-blacks, usually so vociferous, glided about among the crowd as if they had suddenly been stricken dumb.

One of the most pathetic sights was an aged Irishwoman, who had perhaps lost her only son, the stay and comfort of her declining years. She sat on the very edge of the dock, her head resting in her hands, and her tearless eyes fixed on the men in the boats. She was not weeping, but a low moaning sound that escaped her lips told of the depth of her anguish. Close by her side sat another aged woman of the same race, who kept murmuring, "O God! O God!" Every one around them was moved to tears by their desolate sorrow. Several compassionate people spoke kindly to them, but could get no answer. They did not seem to hear.

While our artist was sketching, the body of a beautiful young girl was brought up by the grappling-irons, and gently lifted ashore. She had long golden hair, and was dressed in white. Few were so stern as not to weep when she was laid on the plank, and rough hands little used to tenderness gently and reverently composed her dress and hair, and then covered the inanimate form from sight.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TWO FRIENDS AT BREAKFAST.

Irishmen may reasonably enough travel for climate; they need scarcely go abroad in search of scenery. Within even a very short distance from the capital there are landscapes which, for form, outline, and color, equal some of the most celebrated spots of Continental beauty.

One of these is the view from Bray Head over the wide expanse of the bay of Dublin, with Howth and Lambay in the far distance. Nearer at hand lies the sweep of that graceful shore to Killiney, with the Dalkey Islands dotting the calm sea; while inland, in wild confusion, are grouped the Wicklow Mountains, massive with wood and teeming with a rich luxuriance.

When sunlight and stillness spread color over the blue mirror of the sea—as is essential to the scene—I know of nothing, not even Naples or Amalfi, can surpass this marvelous picture.

It was on a terrace that commanded this view that Walpole and Atlee sat at breakfast on a calm autumnal morning; the white-sailed boats scarcely creeping over their shadows; and the whole scene, in its silence and softened effect, presenting a picture of almost rapturous tranquillity.

"With half a dozen days like this," said Atlee, as he smoked his cigarette in a sort of languid grace, "one would not say O'Connell was wrong in his glowing admiration for Irish scenery. If I were to wake every day for a week to this, I suspect I should grow somewhat crazy myself about the green island."

"And dash the description with a little treason too," said the other, superciliously. "I have always remarked the ingenious connection with which Irishmen bind up a love of the picturesque with a hate of the Saxon."

"Why not? they are bound together in the same romance. Can you look on the Parthenon and not think of the Turk?"

"Apropos of the Turk," said the other, laying his hand on a folded letter which lay before him, "here's a long letter from Lord Danesbury about that wearisome 'Eastern question,' as they call the ten thousand issues that await solution on the Bosphorus. Do you take interest in these things?"

"Immensely. After I have blown myself with a sharp burst on Home politics I always take a canter among the Druses and the Lebanites; and I am such an authority on the 'Grand Idea' that Ransgabe refers to me as 'the illustrious statesman whose writings relieve England from the stain of universal ignorance about Greece.'"

"And do you know any thing on the subject?"

"About as much as the present cabinet does of Ireland. I know all the clap-traps: the grand traditions that have sunk down into a present barbarism—of course through ill government; the noble instincts depraved by gross ill usage. I know the inherent love of freedom we cherish, which makes men resent rents as well as laws, and teaches that taxes are as great a tyranny as the rights of property."

"And do the Greeks take this view of it?"

"Of course they do; and it was in experimenting on them that your great ministers learned how to deal with Ireland. There was but one step from Thebes to Tipperary. Corfu was 'pacified'—that's the phrase for it—by abolishing the landlords. The peasants were told they might spare a little if they liked to the ancient possessor of the soil; and so they took the ground, and they gave him the olive-trees. You may imagine how fertile these were when the soil around them was utilized to the last fraction of productiveness."

"Is that a fair statement of the case?"

"Can you ask the question? I'll show it to you in print."

"Perhaps written by yourself."

"And why not? What convictions have not broken on my mind by reading my own writings? You smile at this; but how do you know your face is clean till you look in a glass?"

Walpole, however, had ceased to attend to the speaker, and was deeply engaged with the letter before him.

"I see here," cried he, "his Excellency is good enough to say that some mark of royal favor might be advantageously extended to those Kilgobbin people in recognition of their heroic defense. What should it be, is the question."

"Confer on him the peerage, perhaps."

"That is totally out of the question."

"It was Kate Kearney made the defense; why not give her a commission in the army?—make it another 'woman's right.'"

"You are absurd, Mr. Atlee."

"Suppose you endowed her out of the Consolidated Fund? Give her twenty thousand pounds, and I can almost assure you that a very clever fellow I know will marry her."

"A strange reward for good conduct."

"A prize of virtue. They have that sort of thing in France, and they say it gives a great support to purity of morals."

"Young Kearney might accept something, if we knew what to offer him."

"I'd say a pair of black trowsers; for I think I'm now wearing his last in that line."

"Mr. Atlee," said the other, grimly, "let me remind you once again that the habit of light jesting—'persiflage'—is so essentially Irish, you should keep it for your countrymen; and if you persist in supposing the career of a private secretary suits you, this is an incongruity that will totally unfit you for the walk."

"I am sure you know your countrymen, Sir, and I am grateful for the rebuke."

Walpole's cheek flushed at this, and it was plain that there was a hidden meaning in the words which he felt and resented.

"I do not know," continued Walpole, "if I am not asking you to curb one of the strongest impulses of your disposition; but it rests entirely with yourself whether my counsel be worth following."

"Of course it is, Sir. I shall follow your advice to the letter, and keep all my good spirits and my bad manners for my countrymen."

It was evident that Walpole had to exercise some strong self-control not to reply sharply; but he refrained, and turned once more to Lord Danesbury's letter, in which he was soon deeply occupied. At last he said: "His Excellency wants to send me out to Turkey, to confer with a man with whom he has some confidential relations. It is quite impossible that, in my present state of health, I could do this. Would the thing suit you, Atlee—that is, if, on consideration, I should opine that *you* would suit *it?*"

"I suspect," replied Atlee, but with every deference in his manner, "if you would entertain the last part of the contingency first, it would be more convenient to each of us. I mean whether I were fit for the situation."

"Well, perhaps so," said the other, carelessly; "it is not at all impossible it may be one of the things you would acquit yourself well in. It is a sort of exercise for tact and discretion—an occasion in which that light hand of yours would have a field for employment, and that acute skill in which I know you pride yourself, as regards reading character—"

"You have certainly piqued my curiosity," said Atlee.

"I don't know that I ought to have said so much; for, after all, it remains to be seen whether Lord Danesbury would estimate these gifts of yours as highly as I do. What I think of doing is this: I shall send you over to his Excellency in your capacity as my own private secretary, to explain how unfit I am in my present disabled condition to undertake a journey. I shall tell my lord how useful I have found your services with regard to Ireland, how much you know of the country and the people, and how worthy of trust I have found your information and your opinions; and I shall hint—but only hint, remember—that, for the mission he speaks of, he might possibly do worse than fix upon yourself. As, of course, it rests with him to be like-minded with me or not upon this matter—to take, in fact, his own estimate of Mr. Atlee from his own experiences of him, you are not to know any thing whatever of this project till his Excellency thinks proper to open it to you. You understand that?"

"Thoroughly."

"Your mission will be to explain—when asked to explain—certain difficulties of Irish life and habits, and if his lordship should direct conversation to topics of the East, to be careful to know nothing of the subject whatever—mind that."

"I shall be careful. I have read the 'Arabian Nights'—but that's all."

"And of that tendency to small joking and weak epigram I would also caution you to beware; they will have no success in the quarter to which you are going, and they will only damage other qualities which you might possibly rely on."

Atlee bowed a submissive acquiescence.

"I don't know that you'll see Lady Maude Bickerstaffe, his lordship's niece" (he stopped as if he had unwittingly uttered an awkwardness, and then added): "I mean she has not been well, and may not appear while you are at the castle; but if you should, and if—which is not at all likely, but still possible—you should be led to talk of Kilgobbin and the incident that has got into the papers, you must be very guarded in all you say. It is a county family of station and repute. We were there as visitors. The ladies—I don't know that I'd say very much of the ladies."

"Except that they were exceedingly plain in looks, and somewhat *passées* besides," added Atlee, gravely.

"I don't see why you should say that, Sir," replied the other, stiffly. "If you are not bent on compromising me by an indiscretion, I don't perceive the necessity of involving me in a falsehood."

"You shall be perfectly safe in my hands," said Atlee.

"And that I may be so, say as little about me as you can. I know the injunction has its difficulties, Mr. Atlee, but pray try and observe it."

The conversation had now arrived at a point in which one angry word more must have produced a rupture between them; and though Atlee took in the whole situation and its consequences at a glance, there was nothing in the easy jauntiness of his manner that gave any clew to a sense of anxiety or discomfort.

"Is it likely," asked he at length, "that his Excellency will advert to the idea of recognizing or rewarding these people for their brave defense?"

"I am coming to that, if you will spare me a little patience; Saxon slowness is a blemish you'll have to grow accustomed to. If Lord Danesbury should know that you are an acquaintance of the Kilgobbin family, and ask you what would be a suitable mode of showing how their conduct has been appreciated in a high quarter, you should be prepared with an answer."

Atlee's eyes twinkled with a malicious drollery, and he had to bite his lips to repress an impertinence that seemed almost to master his prudence, and at last he said, carelessly,

"Dick Kearney might get something."

"I suppose you know that his qualifications will be tested. You bear that in mind, I hope—"

"Yes. I was just turning it over in my head, and I thought the best thing to do would be to make him a Civil Service Commissioner. They are the only people taken on trust."

"You are severe, Mr. Atlee. Have these gentlemen earned this dislike on your part?"

"Do you mean by having rejected me? No, that they have not. I believe I could have survived that; and if, however, they had come to the point of telling me that they were content with my acquirements, and had what is called 'passed' me, I fervently believe I should have been seized with an apoplexy."

"Mr. Atlee's opinion of himself is not a mean one," said Walpole, with a cold smile.

"On the contrary, Sir, I have occasion to feel pretty often in every twenty-four hours what an ignominious part a man plays in life who has to affect to be taught what he knows already, to be asking the road where he has traveled every step of the way, and to feel that a threadbare coat and broken boots take more from the value of his opinions than if he were a knave or a blackleg."

"I don't see the humility of all this."

"I feel the shame of it, though," said Atlee; and as he arose and walked out upon the terrace the veins in his forehead were swelled and knotted, and his lips trembled with suppressed passion.

In a tone that showed how thoroughly indifferent he felt to the other's irritation, Walpole went on to say: "You will, then, make it your business, Mr. Atlee, to ascertain in what way most acceptable to those people at Kilgobbin his Excellency may be able to show them some mark of royal favor—bearing in mind not to commit yourself to any thing that may raise great expectations. In fact, a recognition is what is intended, not a reward."

Atlee's eyes fell upon the opal ring, which he always wore since the day Walpole had given it to him, and there was something so significant in the glance that the other flushed as he caught it.

"I believe I appreciate the distinction," said Atlee, quietly. "It is to be something in which the generosity of the donor is more commemorated than the merits of the person rewarded, and, consequently, a most appropriate recognition of the Celt by the Saxon. Do you think I ought to go down to Kilgobbin Castle, Sir?"

"I am not quite sure about that; I'll turn it over in my mind. Meanwhile I'll telegraph to my lord that, if he approves, I shall send you over to Wales; and you had better make what arrangements you have to make to be ready to start at any moment."

"Unfortunately, Sir, I have none. I am in the full enjoyment of such complete destitution that I am always ready to go any where."

Walpole did not notice the words, but arose and walked over to a writing-table to compose his message for the telegraph.

"There," said he, as he folded it, "have the kindness to dispatch this at once, and do not be out of the way about five, or half past, when I shall expect an answer."

"Am I free to go into town meanwhile?" asked Atlee.

Walpole nodded assent without speaking.

"I wonder if this sort of flunkeydom be good for a man," muttered Atlee to himself as he sprang down the stairs. "I begin to doubt it. At all events, I understand now the secret of the first lieutenant's being a tyrant: he has once been a middy. And so I say, let me only reach the ward-room, and Heaven help the cockpit!"

CHAPTER XXV.

ATLEE'S EMBARRASSMENT.

When Atlee returned to dress for dinner he was sent for hurriedly by Walpole, who told him that Lord Danesbury's answer had arrived, with the order, "Send him over at once, and write fully at the same time."

"There is an eleven-o'clock packet, Atlee, to-night," said he: "you must manage to start by that. You'll reach Hollyhead by four or thereabout, and can easily get to the castle by mid-day."

"I wish I had had a little more time," muttered the other. "If I am to present myself before his Excellency in such a 'rig' as this—"

"I have thought of that. We are nearly of the same size and build; you are, perhaps, a trifle taller, but nothing to signify. Now Buckmaster has just sent me a mass of things of all sorts from town; they are in my dressing-room, not yet unpacked. Go up and look at them after dinner: take what suits you—as much—all, if you like—but don't delay now. It only wants a few minutes of seven o'clock."

Atlee muttered his thanks hastily, and went his way. If there was a thoughtfulness in the generosity of this action, the mode in which it was performed, the measured coldness of the words, the look of impassive examination that accompanied them, and the abstention from any thing that savored of explanation or apology for a liberty—were all deeply felt by the other.

It was true, Walpole had often heard him tell of the freedom with which he had treated Dick Kearney's wardrobe, and how poor Dick was scarcely sure he could call an article of dress his own whenever Joe had been the first to go out into the town. The innumerable straits to which he reduced that unlucky chum, who had actually to deposit a dinner suit at a hotel to save it from Atlee's rapacity, had amused Walpole; but then these things were all done in the spirit of the honest familiarity that prevailed between them—the tie of true *camaraderie* that neither suggested a thought of obligation on one side nor of painful inferiority on the other. Here it was totally different. These men did not live together with that daily interchange of liberties which, with all their passing contentions, so accustom people to each other's humors as to establish the soundest and strongest of all friendships. Walpole had adopted Atlee because he found him useful in a variety of ways. He was adroit, ready-witted, and intelligent; a half explanation sufficed with him on any thing—a mere hint was enough to give him for an interview or a reply. He read people readily, and rarely failed to profit by the knowledge. Strange as it may seem, the great blemish of his manner—his snobbery—Walpole rather liked than disliked it. It was a sort of qualifying element that satisfied him, as though it said, "With all that fellow's cleverness, he is not 'one of us.' He might make a wittier reply, or write a smarter note; but society has its little tests—not one of which he could respond to." And this was an inferiority Walpole loved to cherish and was pleased to think over.

Atlee felt that Walpole might, with very little exercise of courtesy, have dealt more considerately by him.

"I am not exactly a valet," muttered he to himself, "to whom a man flings a waistcoat as he chucks a shilling to a porter. I am more than Mr. Walpole's equal in many things, which are not accidents of fortune."

He knew scores of things he could do better than him; indeed, there were very few he could not.

Poor Joe was not, however, aware that it was in the "not doing" lay Walpole's secret of superiority; that the inborn sense of abstention is the great distinguishing element of the class Walpole belonged to; and he might harass himself forever and yet never guess where it was that the distinction evaded him.

Atlee's manner at dinner was unusually cold and silent. He habitually made the chief efforts of conversation; now he spoke little and seldom. When Walpole talked it was in that careless discursive way in which it was his wont to discuss matters with a familiar. He often put questions, and as often went on without waiting for the answers.

As they sat over the dessert and were alone he adverted to the other's mission, throwing out little hints and cautions as to manner, which Atlee listened to in perfect silence, and without the slightest sign that could indicate the feeling they produced.

"You are going into a new country, Atlee," said he at last, "and I am sure you will not be sorry to learn something of the geography."

"Though it may mar a little of the adventure," said the other, smiling.

"Ah, that's exactly what I want to warn you against. With us in England there are none of those social vicissitudes you are used to here. The game of life is played gravely, quietly, and calmly. There are no brilliant successes of bold talkers, no *coups de théâtre* of amusing *raconteurs:* no one tries to push himself into any position of eminence."

A half movement of impatience, as Atlee pushed his wine-glass before him, arrested the speaker. "I perceive," said he, stiffly, "you regard my counsels as unnecessary."

"Not that, Sir, so much as hopeless," rejoined the other, coldly.

"His Excellency will ask you, probably, some questions about this country: let me warn you not to give him Irish answers."

"I don't think I understand you, Sir."

"I mean, don't deal in any exaggerations, avoid extravagance, and never be slap-dash."

"Oh, these are Irish, then?"

Without deigning reply to this Walpole went on: "Of course you have your remedy for all the evils of Ireland. I never met an Irishman who had not. But, I beg you, spare his lordship your theory, whatever it is, and simply answer the questions he will ask you."

"I will try, Sir," was the meek reply.

"Above all things, let me warn you against a favorite blunder of your countrymen. Don't endeavor to explain peculiarities of action in this country by singularities of race or origin; don't try to make out that there are special points of view held that are unknown on the other side of the channel, or that there are other differences between the two peoples, except such as more rags and greater wretchedness produce. We have got over that very venerable and time-honored blunder, and do not endeavor to revive it."

"Indeed!"

"Fact, I assure you. It is possible in some remote country house to chance upon some antiquated Tory who still cherishes these notions; but you'll not find them among men of mind or intelligence, nor among any class of our people."

It was on Atlee's lip to ask, "Who were our people?" but he forbore by a mighty effort, and was silent.

"I don't know if I have any other cautions to give you. Do you?"

"No, Sir. I could not even have reminded you of these if you had not yourself remembered them."

"Oh, I had almost forgotten it. If his Excellency should give you any thing to write out or to copy, don't smoke while you are over it; he abhors tobacco. I should have given you a warning to be equally careful as regards Lady Maude's sensibilities, but, on the whole, I suspect you'll scarcely see her."

"Is that all, Sir?" said the other, rising.

"Well, I think so. I shall be curious to hear how you acquit yourself, how you get on with his Excellency, and how he takes you; and you must write it all to me. Ain't you much too early? it's scarcely ten o'clock."

"A quarter past ten; and I have some miles to drive to Kingstown."

"And not yet packed, perhaps?" said the other, listlessly.

"No, Sir; nothing ready."

"Oh! you'll be in ample time; I'll vouch for it. You are one of the rough-and-ready order, who are never late. Not but in this same flurry of yours you have made me forget something I know I had to say; and you tell me you can't remember it?"

"No, Sir."

"And yet," said the other, sententiously, "the crowning merit of a private secretary is exactly that sort of memory. *Your* intellects, if properly trained, should be the complement of your chief's. The infinite number of things that are too small and too insignificant for *him* are to have their place, duly docketed and dated, in *your* brain; and the very expression of his face should be an indication to you of what he is looking for and yet can not remember. Do you mark me?"

"Half past ten," cried Atlee, as the clock chimed on the mantel-piece; and he hurried away without another word.

It was only as he saw the pitiable penury of his own scanty wardrobe that he could persuade himself to accept of Walpole's offer.

"After all," he said, "the loan of a dress-coat may be the turning-point of a whole destiny. Junot sold all he had to buy a sword to make his first campaign; all *I* have is my shame, and here it goes for a suit of clothes!" And with these words he rushed down to Walpole's dressing-room, and, not taking time to inspect and select the contents, carried off the box as it was with him. "I'll tell him all when I write," muttered he, as he drove away.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Some of our readers are familiar with a series of thrilling articles now in the course of publication by Mr. Clarence King, entitled "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," and have doubtless sympathized with him in his efforts to determine the altitude and physical character of the loftiest peaks of the West.

The scene of his adventures is laid in that portion of the Sierra Nevada near the sources of the Kern and King rivers, in the southern part of the State, where some hundreds of square miles have a general elevation of 8000 feet, with numerous peaks rising to a height of from 10,000 to 15,000 feet. The loftiest summit in the Sierras is that named Mount Whitney, by Mr. King, in honor of Professor J. D. Whitney, the State Geologist of California, and almost the only one the summit of which was not reached by the survey of the State. Determined, however, not to be baffled by this single peak, Mr. King took the opportunity of his renewed research in the West during the present summer to make a final essay, and with triumphant success, as we learn from a late number of the San Francisco *Bulletin*.

On the present occasion he started for Mount Whitney from the eastern or Nevada side, by Owen's Lake, and reached the summit on the 22d of June. The details of his adventures and observations have not yet been announced, although they may be looked for. It is not likely, however, that the altitude will be found to be less than 15,000 feet, and may even slightly exceed this.

Attention is called by the perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Paris to the extraordinary degree of cold experienced in that city on the 18th of May and the 3d of June, 1871, and communications on the subject are invited.

An editorial article in the London *Land and Water* speaks in terms of the utmost admiration and commendation of Mr. Lorillard's schooner yacht *Enchantress*, which, at the time of writing, was in the harbor of Cowes. The writer remarks that she "looked lovely among the cluster of English yachts, so graceful and yet so rakish, so taut and yet so well balanced, so racer-like and yet so stiff and safe." Among the other vessels around her she is said to look "like a swan sitting on the water." Comparisons are made between her model and that of the *Livonia* with decided disparagement to the latter, and an earnest desire is expressed that a trial of speed between the two boats mentioned may be arranged, in order to demonstrate their actual powers.

The death of Mr. Claparède, an eminent Swiss naturalist, has just been announced in the late foreign papers.

Among the recent deaths in scientific circles we have to record that of Mr. Alexander Keith Johnston, the eminent geographer, at London, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. A native of Edinburgh, he was first educated with reference to the profession of medicine, but, changing his plans, he became an apprentice to an engraver; and, combining his talent in this direction with his early developed taste for geographical science, he undertook the preparation of a "National Atlas," which was first published in 1843. Since that date he has been continuously occupied with subjects of a similar character, having published numerous atlases and maps, among which his "Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena," on the plan of Berghaus, was, perhaps, the most important. He received the degree of LL.D. in 1865 from the University of Edinburgh, and his "Royal Atlas of General Geography" received a prize medal at the International Exhibition in London.

Among other publications of Mr. Johnston's may be enumerated, as of special interest in this country, the maps and charts accompanying the final report upon the geology of Pennsylvania by Professor Henry D. Rogers.

We have already referred from time to time to the rich promise of discovery in the polar regions as the result of numerous expeditions now fitting out or already started from various portions of Europe and America. Among those which have been mentioned, but of which no special information has been given, is that of Mr. Lamont, in command of a small steamer, the *Diana*. This gentleman is well and favorably known for his numerous ventures into the arctic seas, whether for the purpose of sport in hunting the walrus, or for more scientific objects; and his present intention is to follow, as far as may be, the course of the second German expedition in East Greenland, with a view of extending, if possible, the discoveries made by it. Should he find it impossible to reach East Greenland by the beginning of July, he will make his way toward the mysterious Gillies Land, more recently named by the Swedes King Charles's Land.

A Swedish government expedition left Copenhagen on the 11th of May, consisting of a gunship, the *Ingiger*, with thirty men, and the brig *Gladon*, with twenty-five; the former under the command of Captain Peter, and the brig under Captain Krusenstjerna. Dr. Nyström accompanies the *Ingiger* as surgeon and naturalist, with two geologists, Messrs. Naukhoff and Lindahl, together with Professor Fries and Mr. Steinstrup. One special object of this expedition is to bring away certain enormous masses of meteoric iron discovered by the Swedish expedition of last year, one of which is said to be not less than twelve feet in length and five feet in height. A special hoisting apparatus has been taken along in order to bring on board this gigantic specimen, with the help of the fifty-five men composing the two crews. Deep-sea soundings will be prosecuted with great energy, especially where the depth of 2650 fathoms was met with last year. As we have mentioned in a previous article, Professor Nordenskjöld intended to proceed to Spitzbergen during the present year for the purpose of wintering on the Seven Islands, at a latitude of 80° 45′, so as to press forward toward the pole in the spring of 1872 on sledges. The collections made by him in West Greenland last year, however, seemed to require all his attention for the present, and his further field work is deferred until 1872. It is now proposed to establish a permanent meteorological and magnetic observatory at Spitzbergen, to serve as a point of departure in 1872, under the protection of a colony of ten families, for whose service the necessary buildings will be taken from Gothenburg. The trading parties of Norwegians in the northern waters, which have proved so successful in securing scientific results, will be continued with renewed energy in 1871, and they will be provided with the necessary apparatus by the government for making scientific observations.

Dr. Petermann, from whose *Mittheilungen* we derive some of the facts just mentioned, sums up an article on the subject by stating that, in all, he is acquainted with ten arctic expeditions, from which it is expected that, by next winter, we may receive very many new facts in regard to the character of the high north.

According to *Nature*, Dr. Hooker and his party returned during the third week in June from the Morocco expedition, of which we have given notice from time to time. The number of species of plants brought home by him is estimated at about 1200, among them quite a number new to science.

We understand that a German expedition, additional to those we have already mentioned in our columns, is to be fitted out in the course of the present summer for the purpose of examining the physics and natural history of the German Ocean. Such an expedition was about to start last year, when the war broke out and it was interrupted, but is now, as it seems, resumed under very favorable auspices. The work is under the charge of a special commission, the president of which is Dr. Meyer, assisted by Messrs. Mobius, Karsten, and Heusen. The subjects to be specially attended to are the depth of the sea, the amount of salt and gases in the water, the temperature, currents, nature of the bottom, and the flora and fauna. Suitable apparatus will be supplied for the various purposes of the expedition, which will be accompanied by excellent specialists in the different branches of science.

There seems to be considerable doubt whether the Mont Cenis Tunnel is as nearly ready for use as had been hoped, since we learn that the roof has fallen away in quite a number of places, and it has become necessary to introduce masonry of greater strength to sustain it. Another difficulty has arisen from the smoke thrown off by the locomotive, two out of three engine-drivers having died from suffocation, and the third having recovered from his exposure with great difficulty. The temperature, too, is, as may be inferred from the accounts already given of it, very oppressive, and, in general, the condition of ventilation is considered as extremely unsatisfactory. It is hoped, however, that by the use of smoke-consuming engines and other means now in contemplation the difficulty will be obviated.

We have already referred to the efforts made by an association of gentlemen in California for the purpose of introducing Eastern fish into the fresh-waters of that State, and have spoken in terms of deprecation of any idea of including the fresh-water pickerel in the number. The experiment of introducing the shad has been initiated by the arrival of Seth Green, of Caledonia, New York, with 15,000 young shad, hatched in the Hudson River just a week before, and brought in large tin cans filled to the shoulder with fresh-water. They proved to be in excellent condition on their arrival on the Sacramento, and were taken thence higher up the river to Tehama, where it was proposed to plant them. The expenses of this enterprise are borne from an appropriation on the part of the State of $5000 for this special purpose.

The inviting programme of an exhaustive deep-sea exploration on the Atlantic and Pacific, by Professor Agassiz, under the auspices of the United States Coast Survey, has excited renewed interest in these subjects in England, and measures are now being initiated to bring the matter to the notice of the British government, in order to secure like action on its part. It is understood that Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, an eminent conchologist, and heretofore connected with the British deep-sea researches, will visit the United States about the middle of August for the purpose of conferring personally with Professor Agassiz and other American specialists on such subjects, and of examining the collections already made by them.

We learn from *Nature* that an international congress for the promotion of geographical science will be held at Antwerp from the 14th to the 22d of August, and that a number of questions in geography, meteorology, navigation, ethnology, etc., will be submitted for discussion. An exhibition will also be held of objects connected with the purpose of the congress—maps, plans, instruments used in navigation, etc.; and prizes will be awarded for the best object exhibited in each class.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There are always two sides to a question—at least such is the popular belief. Certain it is that while variety is the spice of life, and change is often *rest*, and new scenes bring new and fresher thoughts, it is worse than useless for city residents to leave comfortable homes and betake themselves to crowded hotels at the sea-shore, in the country, or among the mountains—*unless* they have plenty of money to spend. In the first place, the man of moderate means will discover that all the airy rooms in a fashionable hotel were "engaged months ago;" and unless he can afford to pay a satisfactory *bonus* he will find that in leaving town to escape the heat he has practically "jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire." The exchange from a good-sized room, with a lounge, easy-chair, comfortable bed, and similar conveniences, to "living in a trunk" in a scantily furnished close attic room is any thing but refreshing. Then your four or five dollars a day avail very little at the table, unless you secure the good offices of the waiter by feeing him liberally. If you fancy the stated price asked for your board will suffice, you will probably discover that—having waited long and patiently—your favorite articles of food are "all out," and your meat will be tough, potatoes clammy, and coffee cold. To secure any thing nice and comfortably served you are forced to submit to the unspoken demands of the educated waiter. The same system of fees will obtain the smiling services of chamber-maid, boot-black, laundress, and other servants; without it you must expect neglect. It is a pity that some first-class, stylish hotel is not established on a system prohibiting the receiving of fees by employés; or, if this practice is so necessary to guests obtaining comfortable attention, that it is not taken into consideration by hotel-keepers, and both the price of board and the wages of servants reduced, or fees be included in the hotel bill. But while the custom continues as it is those who are desirous of obtaining as much rest and comfort as possible from a limited amount of money will not seek them at those very fashionable resorts which every year enjoy the "most successful season ever known."

Somebody starts a rumor a few times every year that the peach crop is "ruined." This *somebody* is in general interested in the trade. The other day it was reported that the storm had seriously injured the peaches, yet large, luscious peaches continue to be sold at every street corner at very low prices.

Henry W. Hemans, whose death recently occurred at Para, where he was British consul, was the son of Mrs. Hemans, the poetess.

In examining the ruins of two houses which were burned down at the corner of the Faubourg St. Honoré, in Paris, the remains of twenty-one charred bodies were found in the cellars. Without doubt the unfortunate victims had gone down into the cellars for safety from the shells.

Amherst College is fifty years old. Three students graduated at its first commencement—sixty-five at the last. More than two thousand have received diplomas.

We welcome every thing that tends to cheapen without debasing art, so as to give even the poorest the means of making their humble homes more cheerful and beautiful. Plain lithography and wood-engraving have done a great deal in this direction, and chromo-lithography still more. Without being in any sense "high art," it is really beneficent. In some recently published chromos we observe a neat device for doing away with the expense of framing, the picture being printed in oil-colors on paper made to imitate canvas. This is fastened over a plain stretcher, with a broad dark border, which takes the place and answers all the purpose of a frame. A New York publishing house has recently imported two specimens of this style of chromo, combining picture and frame in one, entitled "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep." They are printed by Jehenne, of Paris, from fifteen stones, and both in color and sentiment are really beautiful specimens of chromo-lithographic art.

Cundurango, supposed by many to be a specific for the cure of cancer, has been condemned by some medical practitioners as worthless. Walter M. Jackson, M.D., gives it as his opinion that positive censure is premature in the present stage of cundurango's existence. He does not think it sensible to throw the drug aside because the chemical knowledge of man fails to detect that principle in it which has been supposed to be hostile to cancer. Dr. Jackson's ideas are certainly sensible. He says:

> "Let us study cundurango. Any thing intended for the good of mankind should command the honest attention of the liberal practitioner, and not receive the unjust or hasty condemnation of dogmatic egotism. What matters it if we are honest men, and have taken pains to educate ourselves in our professions; should we heap coals of fire on each other's heads because one dares to shoot out from the well-worn path of antediluvian ignorance, and all this to gratify a false pride and common vanity, a sort of persistent uneasiness, lest some one should know more than another? The world is moving; the age is one of progress; the channel of medical or surgical thought is constantly changing and growing more navigable. What think you Hippocrates would say could he look in upon medical and surgical science as it is, and as it was when he graced the profession with his living power?"

Keeping a yacht is a rather expensive pleasure, to say nothing of its original cost. A general estimate has been made, showing that the annual expenses amount to about $4000 for a schooner, and $2500 for a sloop. Of course the cost of maintaining a yacht varies according to the size of the vessel, and the management of the owner. The yachting season lasts only four months; and frequently the dry-rot attacks the timbers after the first year, so that these pleasure vessels depreciate in value every year. During the season table expenses are heavy, sometimes amounting to $500 a week. A schooner yacht carries a crew of not less than eight men, whose combined wages are not far from $360 a month. For a sloop carrying a smaller crew the pay-roll amounts to about $200. In addition the provisions of the crew will cost from $75 to $150 a month. Repairs and alterations must be taken into account, as well as the expense of taking care of the yacht during the winter months.

A recent complaint which was brought against the master of a German steamer bound from Bremen to this port, charging him with starving the steerage passengers on the voyage, has awakened considerable interest in regard to the laws of this country and of Germany respecting the amount of food to be supplied to passengers on board ship. It appears that the laws of the United States provide that all vessels carrying steerage passengers from Germany to this country should provide a specified quantity of bread, rice, wheat flour, pease, or beans, potatoes, beef, pork, vinegar, and fresh-water for each individual; that all the provisions be of good quality; and that not less than eleven and a half pounds of this food be allowed to each passenger every week. The German laws require only four and a half pounds of food to be distributed within the same period of time. Whether the laws of Germany or the United States would control in this case would depend upon the existence of some international treaty in reference to the matter. It would seem appropriate, certainly, that this government should nave the right to demand that what it esteems suitable and sufficient food should be furnished to passengers coming into this country. In the instance referred to, it was alleged that the provisions furnished were unwholesome, and that two persons were actually starved to death.

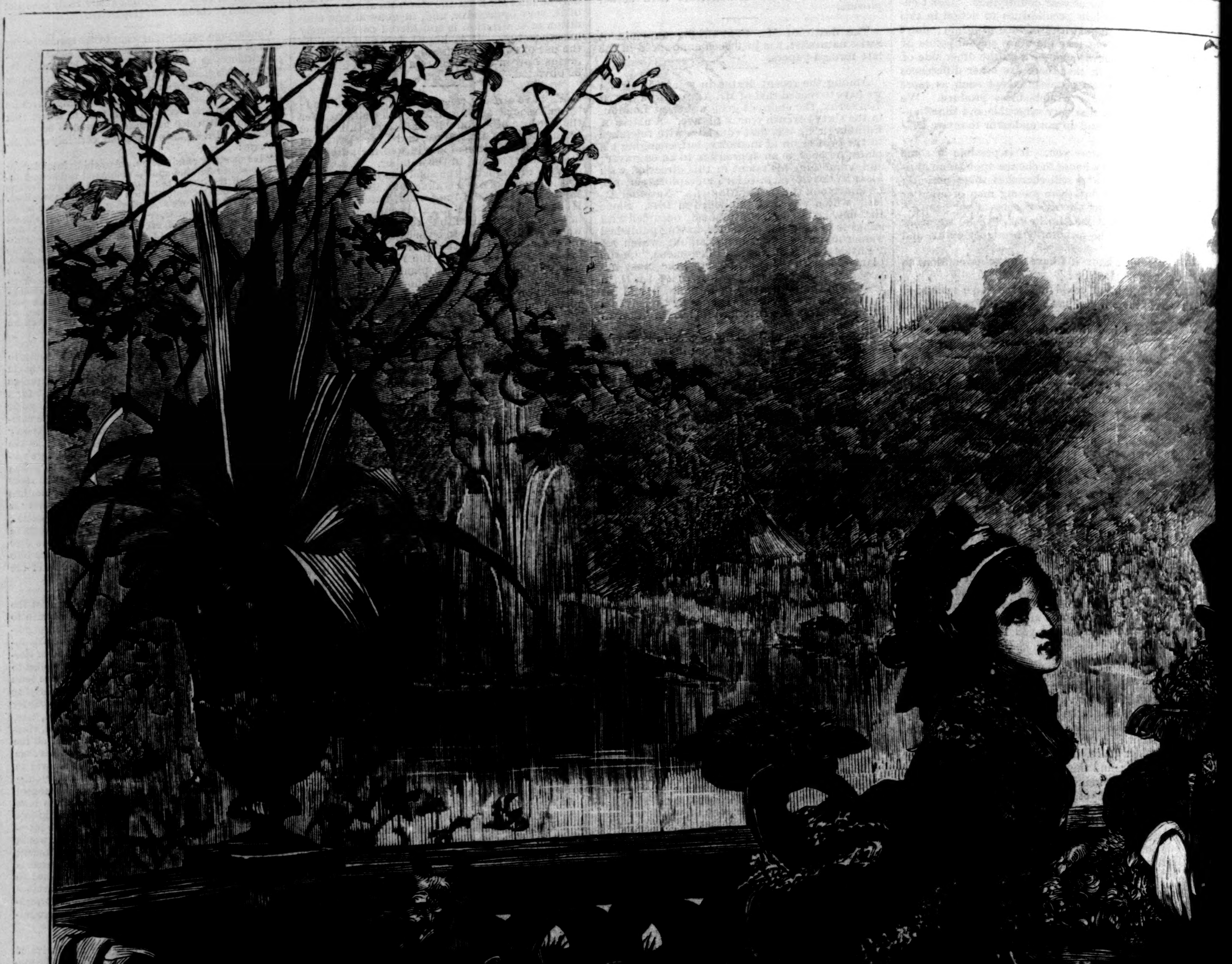
Plants are much more likely to live and thrive if they are transplanted at night rather than in the sunlight. Those who have been unsuccessful in transplanting strawberry and similar plants might find it worth their while to try night-work.

August must be a first-class month for "bottling sunbeams." For be it known that a French professor at the College of Saintes has announced the singular discovery that the sun's rays may be actually bottled and utilized at pleasure. This is the professor's method. He takes a vase and exposes it in a certain position to the direct action of the sun's rays. After it has thus absorbed the heat for the space of a quarter of an hour, it is closed with a cork and hermetically sealed, a small aperture being left in the cork. Affixing a powerful lens to the vase, he causes the solar rays to converge to a point upon the wick of a common candle placed on a table at a distance of one yard from the vase; in less than three seconds the wick ignites and lights the candle, which burns steadily. The experiment has been tried several times, and been equally successful on each occasion.

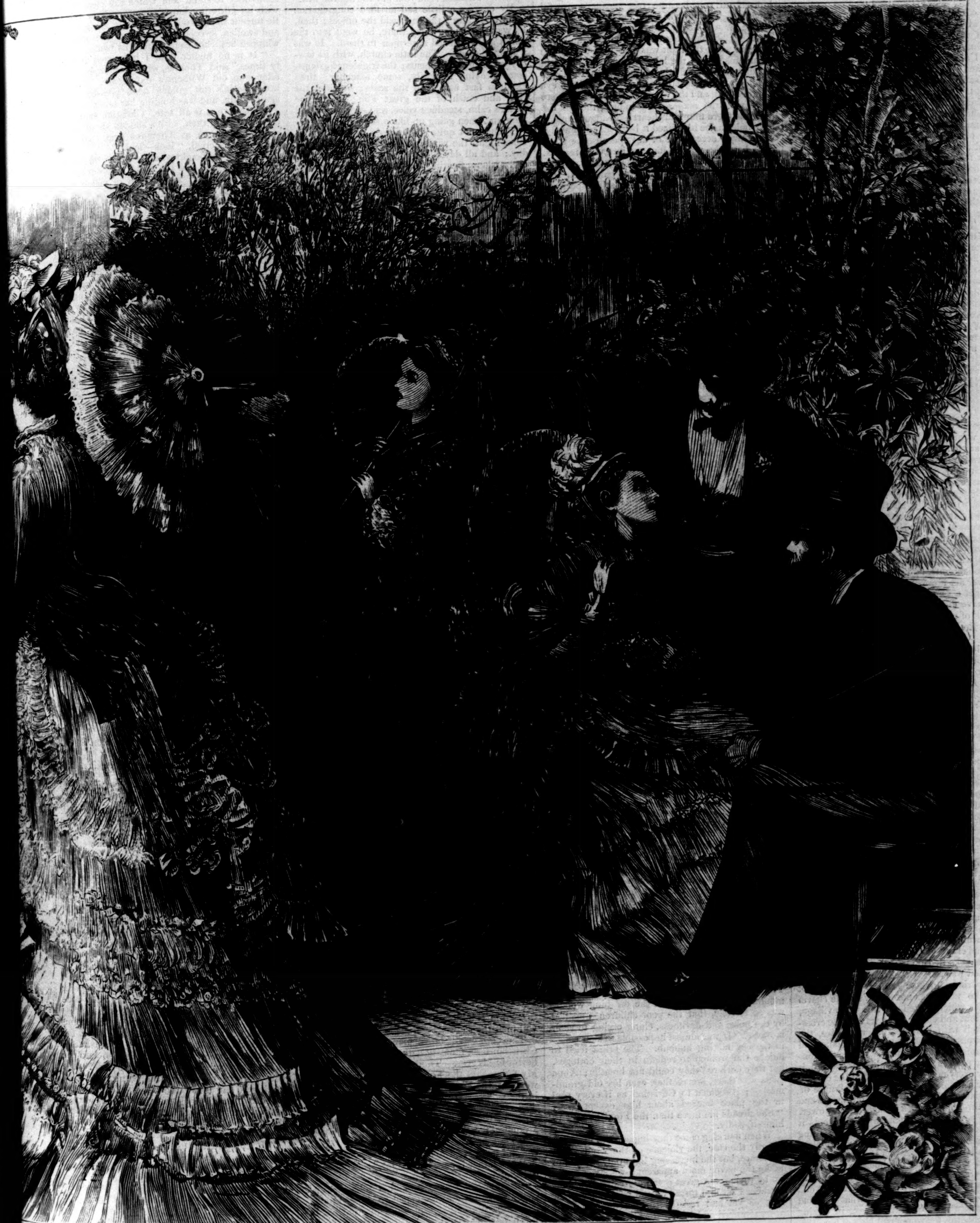
"Prince Schemidzn Ingoi, Japan, with twenty-nine companions," was the brief and simple formula in which the arrival of thirty young Japanese noblemen was recorded on the register of one of our city hotels. Perhaps a more extended mention of names would not be worth while, since such as Tsuigi Harwjuro, Tominagu Schozu, and Furakana Tuneicini (which are only fair specimens of the appellations these foreigners rejoice in) seem frightfully unpronounceable. These Japanese youths have lately come to this country to complete their education, and are under the supervision of Prince Schemidzn, who was himself educated in the United States. As the Japanese government seems resolved to avail itself of the different modes of education prevailing in the most enlightened countries, a part of this delegation will go to Europe, and the others be distributed among colleges in the United States.

The Roosevelt Hospital, which occupies the whole block between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets and Ninth and Tenth avenues, is nearly completed. It is in the Rhenish style of architecture, built of brick, with Ohio stone facings, the basement being of solid blue-stone, and it presents a very fine appearance. The building contains excellent ventilating apparatus, and every convenience for the use of patients. When completed it will have cost about $1,000,000, all of which was bequeathed by the late James H. Roosevelt.

Spain seems to be doing something this year for the general weal. The harvest has been much more abundant in that country than for a long time past; and it is estimated that it will be able to export about £10,000,000 or £12,000,000 worth of grain. It is expected also that the wine and oil crops will be good.



A SKETCH FROM THE SUMMER-HOUSE TER KIN



ER KINGHAM PALACE GARDEN.—[See Page 770.]

BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDENS.

The double-page illustration in this number of the *Weekly* represents a sketch from the terrace of the summer-house in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, where Queen Victoria gave a breakfast on the afternoon of June 23. A number of notables assembled on this occasion, among others the Grand Duke Wladimir of Russia, while sweet music was discoursed by the bands of the Royal Horse-Guards, of the Grenadier Guards, and by her Majesty's private band. Unfortunately the weather, which treats princes and Ragged School excursionists with an equally sublime impartiality, was extremely unpropitious. The summer-house is very beautifully decorated in the Italian style. It is octagonal in shape, and is adorned with paintings by Landseer, Leslie, Maclise, and others. It is rather elevated, and overhanging the winding lake, and is so cunningly placed among the trees that, but for some of the large buildings lately erected, one might fancy one's self in a beautiful park miles away from any city. On the lake were boats and a grand galley for the visitors. The weather, however, was so cold and cheerless that few of the guests ventured out-of-doors. They preferred to stay in the tents erected for the occasion or in the palace. The tents were magnificent; two of them were each 120 feet long. They were intended for dancing and refreshments, and were resplendent with flowers and fruits. There was, however, very little dancing. The whole affair is said to have been a strangely magnificent jumble, wonderfully dressed women, men whose faces are well known at the West End, bishops, statesmen, soldiers, and Eastern princes bowing, saluting, handshaking, and jostling.

UNDER THE MOUNTAINS.

By MISS THACKERAY.

II.

Else came down from the pastures, Christian Amrhein went about his farm, and no one as yet knew of any change in the two—it remained a secret between them; and there was another secret which they did not even share with each other—the sorrow from which each was suffering. "She is happy again now," Christian would say to himself, with a sigh, all the while vigorously cutting away at the flowery grass as if he had no other thought in life. "He will soon be betrothed to Anna Lenz," mused Else. How little we know of the hearts even of our dearest! It is a vague shadowy spirit-land where we set up our own fancies for inhabitants, and act toward them as we would never act if only we saw the truth. Sometimes we get a glimpse of it, and are shocked at what we have done. But generally we are content to talk of misunderstandings.

Wittwe Rothler knew no more than the rest of the world. Christian had not been to the house, it was true; but to her practical soul hay-making was more important than love-making any day. She was ill, too, and Else was glad to remain in the house and attend to her, rather than risk a meeting with Christian. It would come before long, she knew: the little village was too small for neighbors to avoid each other, and the poor have not the luxury of the rich—departure. Such an idea never entered the young farmer's head. I do not even know whether to such home-loving souls it would not have been even a fresh trouble instead of a relief; at any rate, he would stay, work; when his time came, die, and be buried in the little church-yard with its wooden black crosses crowned with withered wreaths and set in the midst of quaint little box-like flower-beds. They all looked forward to lying there—awaiting the resurrection morn—in the midst of their own people, by their blue-green lake, under their peaceful mountains. A quiet, pastoral folk, little disturbed, with a certain homely gravity about their lives, steadfastness of purpose, and simple faith. The steamer used to stop at the landing-place, but no famous mountain lay behind to attract sight-seers; every now and then a group of rosy German girls, with a professor or two in charge, would clatter off the morning steamer, start away with merry laughter, and clatter down again some hours later, their alpenstocks tied up with bunches of Alpenrosen. That was all. Other places attracted the world by perhaps greater beauty, but I do not know whether there was not a very subtile charm in the peace which rested on this little village, with its walnut and cherry trees, its wayside crosses, its church with the tapering red spire, the flowery church-yard, the silent dead, the lake, and the mountains watching round. We busy, money-making, restless people could not endure it long; only every now and then, when the curtain is lifted for a moment and we catch a glimpse of such a patriarchal life, it steals into our hearts and stills their throbbings with a strange serene power.

But this power was not felt, or at all events it was not acknowledged, by Else. Every thing about her seemed full of change and depression, although all the time she was trying to deceive herself, and going about the house singing and knitting, as if no shade had come over her world. No one had so much interest for her as Anna Lenz: she knew where she went, what she had on; she took a kind of bitter delight in talking to her, in noticing the wonderful blue of her eyes. If what she fancied ever came to pass, this mood would probably change; but meanwhile it took that shape. And at times she would say to herself that all was for the best, that Christian never had been her ideal. Perhaps she was right of the past; but what of the present — what now? A woman's ideal is seldom a cold, calm image, unchanging and unchangeable, by which she moulds her fancy, but rather a reflection, now of this, now of that, taking a hundred different tints, and capable of infinite variety, although all the time transforming and glorifying what it takes. And Else's attempts at self-deception always ended in bitter self-upbraidings for the wrong she had done to Christian.

He was out and about all day; but this was nothing new, for throughout the commune no one bore a better name for patient industry than Christian, and none dreamed that just now he gave himself no rest because rest meant sorrowful thoughts. The hay was being cut and stored, and all the air was heavy with the sweet summerish smell. Christian went out at daybreak, and only came in when the light was fast fading and the mountains across the lake looked ash-colored in the dim twilight. If there was any visible change in him, it would have needed a woman's keen eye to find it out, and the women who loved him were away with the *senne*. But indeed, though the love was there filling his heart unchanged, he met his trouble as he had faced it beforehand, bravely. The simple acceptance of duty because he knew it to be right, nerved him against vain regrets. He took her image to his heart, tenderly, lovingly, yes, and forever; but not to gain even that sweet reality would he barter his self-respect, set aside God's law for man and wife, or put his neck under the yoke of the dearest.

One evening he had to speak about some farming business with Thomas Stürm, the son of old Wilhelm. The men leaned against a low wall in front of the inn, and looked down at the green water under their feet, as they talked over the worth of a particular cow, a little chestnut Schwytzer, for which Christian had a fancy. The day had been hot, and the evening was even more sultry, yet the lake beneath them was stirred, the water splashed against the wall, and every now and then a sudden puff of air came in their faces. Nothing could have been more full of beauty than the cloud forms which rested upon the top of the mountains, softening without hiding the rosy gleams behind. The whole range seemed suddenly brought nearer, the tints in the sky deepened and glowed with exquisite harmonies, with royal crimsons and purples. There was a curious stillness and yet unrest, little movement to the eye, but sounds of distant rumblings and wailings, as if some mighty power was drawing near. A tame goat, bleating piteously, came and thrust his nose into Christian's hand; the men, lifting themselves wearily, looked over the lake, now stirred to its very depths, and then at each other. For a few minutes neither spoke; it seemed as if the oppressive stillness kept them silent; then a swoop of fresher air rushed across the water sudden and momentary.

"It is the Fön," said Thomas at last, breaking the spell.

"I have felt it coming all day," Christian answered, stretching himself. "Bah, how it suffocates one!"

"I will go round and see that all is made safe," Thomas said, going away: "will you call out the watchmen if they are needed?"

The Fön. A hot, sultry, furious hurricane, coming up from the great African deserts, lashing the lake into fury, battling with adverse currents, sweeping off every little obstacle in its way, slamming open doors, loose shutters, tearing down the pretty bright flower-pots from the window-sills, unroofing sheds, scattering every thing far and wide. The people came running out from their doors in terror, "The Fön! The Fön!" in every mouth; the curé was there, Heinrich Lenz, the innkeeper, all the women who were not up on the pastures, running, shutting doors, doing all they could against the sudden attack. The village was very like a great family, and Christian, as the largest proprietor, was looked up to as a kind of head.

"Fire is the worst danger, after all," the curé remarked, recovering from a violent attack of the hurricane upon his cassock.

"The men are all here," answered Christian: "Carl, Joseph, Friedrich, Hans, and Walther. They will go from house to house, see that the fires are put out, and be ready in case of any outbreak." No one noticed that he led Hans aside and gave him a whispered direction.

There was no sleep that night—the Fön took care of that. The fierce hot blasts raged with increasing violence; people hurried about in the strange sultry darkness with a horrible oppression weighing upon them.

"The Fön comes from one place, and one only," said old Wilhelm Stürm, gasping for breath. The crack and roar of the great wind among the mountains, on the lake, in the crashing woods, was so terrible, that the poor children, appalled by the noise and darkness, clung crying to their mothers. It was almost impossible to hear voices in the bewildering hubbub. The priest tried to induce the women to remain in their cottages, but they declared they could not breathe; Anna Lenz was there, her mother, even her old grandmother; it seemed to Christian as if every soul in the place buzzed about him except Else. "She dreads me more than the Fön," he said to himself, sadly.

When morning came they hoped that, as is frequently the case, the violence of the wind would moderate, but the increasing light only seemed to make the havoc more apparent: trees were torn up by their roots, great green branches of walnut wrenched off and tossed to and fro; other trees, that as yet had resisted the destroying power, were scorched and withered as if by fire; houses were unroofed, shutters hanging loose, the new-mown hay whirled far away from the meadows, the white daturas torn, broken, discolored; fierce leaping waves raging against the wall; all the delicate pastoral beauty swept away by this awful resistless force. There was no shutting it out, no conquering it. Nay, it seemed to paralyze the men, who moved languidly about, while the women and children gathered into stupefied groups under walls, where they were a little sheltered from the rush and blinding fury of the Fön, but were in danger from the pieces of wood and slate which it now and then hurled triumphantly through the air. The priest, Christian, and Thomas Stürm, whose wife was among them, did all they could to draw them from these dangerous resting-places, but in the hurly-burly their voices fell unheeded.

"I shall go to the church," the curé said at last. "Thomas, send your boy to ring the bell."

By degrees a little sad terrified congregation crept after him; the curé said the offices; then, by way of keeping them there, he went into the pulpit and preached a sermon to them. It was a strange scene. The little church, with its tawdry yet loving adornments; the frightened groups, some praying fervently, some listening; tired children fast asleep on the seats; outside, the roar and crash of the great Fön; inside, the priest's calm, steadfast voice, and every now and then an Amen going up like a sob.

Though not quite so furiously as on the previous night, the wind continued to rage all that day; and all day Christian was here, there, and every where, fighting against the lassitude which unhinged every one, comforting and helping, in and out of the houses, at his own farm, on the outskirts of Wittwe Rothler's. The cottage was a little sheltered from the wind, the flowers had been taken in and the shutters closed; a great cherry-tree lay all across the garden, otherwise he could not see much damage.

"She is better within," he said, turning away with a longing sigh.

And meanwhile Else, poor child, sat in the little hot cottage listening with terror to the roar of the wind, the splitting of the trees, and the awful echoes in the mountains which magnified it all. Her mother tossed restlessly to and fro, with the fever increased tenfold by the parching heat, sometimes delirious, sometimes quiet, sometimes obstinately bent upon the fulfillment of some sick fancy. The only person they saw was Hans, and he was loud in his praises of Christian.

"In such times one finds out who has the head," he said, admiringly; "it is Amrhein this and Amrhein that. It was he who dragged Maria Plater out of the way just in time when the chimney fell, and himself cut the great walnut that might have crushed the Lenzes' house."

"Ah!" murmured Else, with a little uncontrollable sigh. It seemed to her as if her solitude were growing more than she could bear; the other women were together: Anna Lenz had Christian to care for, to watch over her, while she was separated from them all, terrified at her mother's illness, at the whirl and rush of the tempest, without even the consolation of knowing that Hans's occasional presence was the result of Christian's guardianship—Christian, whom she had despised. The wind, which, during the afternoon, moderated at intervals, toward evening was again at its height; Hans looked in, as it grew dusk, to forbid fires; then she was left lonely to keep the long hours. Wittwe Rothler cried out for water peremptorily; sometimes insisted upon Else doing some unreasonable thing; now and then made the girl shudder by talking to her dead husband as if he were standing between them. The air was full of wails and shrieks; it seemed as though out of all space weird, melancholy voices were lifted up appealingly; distant growlings from the mountains answered the fierce swoop of the wind, clouds rushed wildly across the sky. And over all brooded the heavy, leaden oppression of the Fön.

In the village the second night was not so confused as the first, for though the causes for alarm remained, the people had become a little used to them. Some of the women staid composedly in their houses, a few even slept, overpowered by fatigue and the dry, stifling heat, but the greater part had taken refuge in the church, and had gathered their children there.

"How long will this last?" asked the priest of Thomas Stürm, when the morning light revealed a further work of destruction.

"Only Heaven knows," answered Thomas, "when even my old father has never seen such a Fön."

"There is little more mischief that it can do," the curé remarked, looking round at the chaos a little drearily. Then he recovered himself, and added cheerfully, "That is ungrateful, since, by the mercy of Heaven, we are all here."

"I, for one, shall be content if nothing worse comes," said Christian, who had joined them.

"Worse?"

"I am thinking of the stream. This wind will melt the snows."

The curé was a brave man, but he looked at Christian for a moment with the trouble of a new horror in his eyes. Thomas broke in—"No fear. My father says the Fön melts too gently for that work, and he knows its ways better than any man in the valley. He was talking about it to Lenz just now," went on Thomas, who took his importance in the village very much from the background of old Wilhelm's great age.

"That is true," Christian answered, "yet I can not feel at rest about it."

"My father is sure to be right," said Thomas, obstinately.

Just then, his youngest child, a golden-haired, round-faced little girl, escaped from her mother, and came running to him, stretching out her little hands, half-crying, half-triumphant in her struggle with the hurricane. He lifted her in his arms, held her tight, and wrapped his coat round her. So the two remained — her head against his breast, his arms clasping her.

"Let us go and give a look at the stream," said Christian.

"I must go to the church, where my flock want some words of comfort," said the priest.

The women followed him, climbing the little green knoll on which the church stood; the two men walked on slowly some twenty yards westward, until they could command a view of the little brook as it came tumbling down from stone to stone. They could see it through the storm-tossed branches of the trees, on its way from the heights far above where they stood; then it was hid from the magain, re-appearing just above Wittwe Rothler's white cottage. There was a substantial little bridge close to the men, where people used sometimes to stand and watch the clear water, with its glittering limpid depths. Now the little torrent flung itself passionately along, yellow and swollen, sweeping with it bits of wood, poor whipped branches caught from its banks.

"It is no higher than I have seen it twenty times," said Thomas, with a triumphant confidence in old Wilhelm's experience. He had little Marie's soft golden head pressed closely against him, and was holding her tenderly.

"I believe it is all safe," Christian said, turning away; and then, with a sudden shout of horror, and a clutch at Thomas's arm, "Ah, dear Heaven!" he cried, "look—look!"

For from the height where, on peaceful summer days, they could see the little innocent stream dancing downward, a vast body of yellow water was coming, leaping, raging, spreading over the rocks, hurling great trees before it, with a roar before which the Fön sank into insignificance. Swift and terrible this new enemy rushed upon the unconscious village; for a moment its awful approach stunned Christian, then with a cry from the very depths of his heart he sprang to meet it—it was like a horrible nightmare: he ran, yet he did not seem to move, his arms were stretched out. "Else! heart's beloved!" he cried in agony. There was the farm, he did not see it, he saw only the cottage with its closed quiet windows. Quiet? ah!—the roar was in his ears—upon him: he saw the walls rock, gape, fall; one moment, and the awful enemy had him in his grasp, and was whirling him along unconscious, inert.

In the little dim church were the curé and his small congregation—almost all the women, a number of children, and a few old men. The curé, who had but just entered, was kneeling in prayer, the women were huddled together in little groups; many had been there all night, others had now come in; one girl among these latter knelt a little apart, her face buried in her hands. Suddenly it seemed as if the noise and fury outside increased tenfold; with it came a rush of water, and a shrill, terrible shriek, piercing the dull roar and the hearts of the listeners. The women started from their knees to the door; the curé, who was there as soon as they, was the first to open it, standing so as to keep back the eager, terrified group. But they saw.

"Ah, Heaven," cried out old Maria Plater, "we are in the lake!"

Some fell on their knees; others, shrieking wildly, "Fritz!" "Thomas!" "Mother!" names at that moment dearer than life, tried to rush out into the flood. It was all the priest could do to hold the door against them, and to force it back and bolt it. For, in spite of the church standing on its little hill, the yellow turbid water was there at his feet, and, as the door opened, rushed in a little stream into the building. The women broke out into an agonized wail; Lisa Stürm dragged herself on her knees to the curé; "Let me go! let me go!" she sobbed; "I have Thomas out there!" and then, looking round her wildly, "Ah, and my little Marie too!"

Yes, poor mother. With her head on her father's breast.

Then a young girl pressed up against him frantically.

"I must be let out!" she cried, desperately trying the lock. "I must! I must! I am Else Rothler, and my poor mother is ill in her bed. I only came for one minute, because she would not rest unless I did. I hear her crying to me, 'Else! Else!' Oh, your reverence, you were always good to me—let me out!"

What could the poor priest do? The terrible pathos of these beseeching voices pierced his heart like a knife. He did the best he could. There, by the door, under which the little yellow stream of water was gurgling, he knelt down.

"My children," he said, in a voice of unutterable compassion, "there is One who once stilled the hungry waves into a great calm. Let us pray to Him."

What a prayer! But it calmed them, as he expected: those who had been frantic now only wept and moaned softly, Lisa Stürm saying over and over again, under her breath, "My little Marie! my little Marie!"

It was like the vox humana after the storm, only this was a terrible heart-thrilling voice, full of discords and carrying up of sad burdens. Nevertheless, it went upward, and so into the perfect harmony which can resolve it all. The curé ventured to go into the vestry, and bring matting to lay under the door. Then he stationed two or three old men there, and himself went up into the tower to look out from its little windows. Over his head the wind had torn down the golden star which crowned the little quaint red spire, and made a gaping rent in the wood-work. Otherwise there was no great damage, nothing to prevent his going up and looking out. But the sight made him fall on his knees again.

"O my God," he cried, clasping his hands, "spare this poor people!"

For it seemed to him as if it was all one sheet of water upon which he gazed—lake and land with no longer a boundary between them. The Fön had suddenly moderated, as if its work were finished; the hot sun shone overhead; the mountains, unmoved by the din and turmoil beneath, lay with the majestic light of heaven upon their faces; but here, in this little nest of homes, where but a short time ago it had seemed all sweet plentiful peace, what a contrast! No green meadows were left; here and there a little hillock just raised its crest above the yellow muddy waters; a few trees remained to show where orchards had smiled; half a dozen houses were, like the church itself, surrounded but not destroyed; everywhere else were gaunt wooden ribs rising out of the water, solitary gables, posts, bits of roofs, perhaps a broken balcony hanging to the side; all round a terrible desolation, a floating waste of wood, trees, dead animals—what else? Every thing was invested with a horrible nameless dread.

The flood was not rising. It came toward them in waves, and was at least ten feet deep below the church; but, whether a large outlet had been forced into the lake, or from some other reason, it did not appear to grow higher.

"If only I could get out!" sighed the curé.

Then he strained his eyes again to discover some living creature, and suddenly heard Else's voice behind him, "I see men working behind the Stürms' house," she cried, sharply.

It was true. The distance was too great to distinguish clearly, but there were figures in the water, hammering, as it seemed, with great mattocks. This little reaction of human life in the midst of all the desolation brought the curé his first touch of warm hope; he began to think of the individual claims which horror had swallowed up. Action was the best medicine for such poor smitten souls.

"Do not let us despair, my child," he said. "We see with our own eyes that some are spared to us; the lake will become quiet, now the Fön moderates itself, and help will be sent. Let us go down to those poor women and cheer them."

"But my mother was in her bed," Else answered, with a bitter cry which wrung his heart.

She did not resist, however, but followed him down the little dark worn staircase. The curé went from group to group comforting, praying, hoping for these poor desolate women, whose husbands and sons were somewhere out in that frightful waste of waters. They arranged chairs, cushions, what they could, so as to form rude couches for any who might by-and-by be brought there. This gave occupation for a time; then the children became hungry and cried, and some of the mothers forgot their trouble in soothing them. Generally one or two of the old men were up in the tower, climbing the steps painfully, and straining their poor dim eyes over the muddy waters. It was like the ark, as one said, only they had not their dove to let fly. Nevertheless, they were not without their little messages of hope; fluttering things hung from the windows of the few remaining houses; the waves of the lake, though they still heaved and sobbed after their passionate outbreak, and were lifted high above their usual level, gradually subsided into more peaceful movement; the sun shone as though there were no sorrow in the world. This time it was the curé who had to restrain himself.

"I can swim," he said, flinging open the door, from which the waters had just sunk a little. There they stood in the full, warm sunlight, the women all pressing, sobbing, waving, and calling at once. They were on the hill of deliverance; but, alas! deliverance too often means separation. "I can swim," said the priest. "I believe I could reach that house."

Then one of the old men cried out to them from the tower windows, in a feeble, cracked voice of exultation, "A boat is coming! We see it."

Despair changed to excitement, and the women clung about the curé, asking him whether he did not, indeed, believe their husbands to be among that group whom they had seen at work. One or two asked no questions—they were too sick at heart. Else was of the number. Her mother was dead; in all human probability, Christian too. What was left to her—to her who but a few days before had been so rich in affection that she had thrown it from her? She could not cry; she longed for the luxury of such tears as those of Anna Lenz, who wept more freely than any one. She could not even watch the boat on which so many hopes centred, and of which every movement was proclaimed by eager women.

"It draws nearer!"

"Ah, dear Heaven! how slowly they row."

"Think of the current."

"Where can they land? There is no land.—Fritz! my Fritz!"

The despairing cry rang across the water, the other women looked at this one almost reproachfully—were not their dear ones there as well? She cried her son's name again and again until she sank down exhausted, and the curé lifting her in his strong arms carried her into the church. When he came back the boat was out of sight; breathless silence reigned; the boatmen were evidently trying to effect a landing above the poor submerged village, higher up than the church, so that the first assurance they had of their success was seeing them, after what appeared an endless waiting, row slowly by over what, but a few hours before, had been a smiling land of flowers. Noticing the figures at the church door, they shouted,

"Are you all well there?"

"All well," answered the curé; "for the love of heaven lose no time."

But there were hinderances to their progress—the hinderances of overthrown houses, of great floating things beating about helplessly, of drifting poles, lumbering chests; here and there great boughs sticking up in the mud, with smaller débris entangled among them; broken crockery, bedding, sometimes a bundle of clothes, round which they rowed curiously, touching it with the oars to make sure it was what it seemed and no more. As they went further, ruined walls and gables hid them now and then from view; presently they were altogether lost: only a hoarse cry came faintly across the water, whether of welcome or of horror no one knew. Some of the wives became almost frantic with excitement, others broke into piteous moaning; it appeared afterward to the curé as if that time of waiting had been the worst of all. But when the moment he dreaded for them arrived, and the boat was seen making its way toward the church—heavily laden—there was a reaction. The women clutched each other's dresses and were silent. Old Wilhelm Stürm, who had come out into the sunshine, and lit his pipe, held his daughter-in-law's hand in his, and patted it feebly while he smoked. Else was inside in the little dark church, with the poor mother whom the priest had carried there.

So the boat came on—slowly. Some one stood up in it and waved, and a woman fell down on her knees in the water. "It is Walther, my Walther!" she cried, sobbing and laughing at once.

"I see Fritz Plater," said another. "Frau Plater, your Fritz is come," she called back into the church, without taking her eyes from the boat.

Lisa Stürm said humbly, with a quiver in her voice which went to the curé's heart, "Will your reverence be good enough to tell me the moment you see our little Marie? My eyes are not what they were, and the child is such a little thing;" and then she broke off and looked at him wistfully.

"Thomas is not there," said old Wilhelm, shading his eyes with his hand, and shaking his head.

"I think he would not come in the first boat," she answered, in the same pleading tone; "but the child—she is so little."

The priest took her hand, greatly touched. "Lisa," he said, very quietly, "sometimes our Father takes His little children from our arms into His."

For he had seen that little Marie was not in the boat.

The boat rowed up; women rushed into the water and dragged it in with cries of joy. Who were there? Karl, Franz, Walther, Fritz Plater, Heinrich Lenz, the innkeeper, with his shoulder dislocated, two women, and two dark figures lying at the bottom of the boat. All the men were more or less hurt; all looked solemn and awe-stricken. In the midst of a torrent of questionings they kissed their wives or mothers without any outbreak of joy. Heinrich Lenz, who had not known certainly that his family were safe, tottered with them into the church; the curé and the others went to lift out the dark figures.

"Jammed in some wood-work," said Franz, briefly.

Johann Schmitt was taken out first—white, motionless, with sodden clothes. His wife was away at the Sennen-Alp.

"He is dead," some one said, in a hushed voice, and no person contradicted it; but they carried their sad burden into the church, and the priest directed them how to use certain simple remedies. As he went back to the boat he met the second little procession—the second heavy, silent burden, more ghastly than the last, from a deep, cruel cut across the head.

"Who is it?" asked the priest, who could not recognize the face.

"Christian Amrhein," said Fritz, to whom his mother was clinging rapturously.

And then the curé saw that Else was at the head. She had run out from the church and was in the boat before any one could stop her, kissing the white, stained face in passionate silence, and as she would let no one take her place, the men had passed a coat under his shoulders, and carried him so, Else holding his head. They all loved Christian and were very tender with him, but they shook their heads in answer to the curé's questioning look. When they laid him down gently, a whisper went round, and the good priest tried to draw the girl away, but she lifted her head and looked at them all resolutely.

"He is not dead," she said. "My mother is dead, I know, but God has given me back Christian."

Was it so, indeed?

They cut his hair and bound up the gaping wound. The curé made a fire at which to dry the men's wet clothes, and then, while the boat was gone to fetch another load, there came a trying time of inaction. Never before had the little homely church, standing on its green knoll overlooking the lake, sheltered such strange groups. The villagers came up there to pray, to bring their babies, or their dead—their joys or their sorrows of every-day life; but now there was a restless expectation, low sobs and murmurs of pain went up; the shadow of a great tragedy brooded over the place. Outside it was no less strange, the curé thought. The yellow flood poured over into the lake below, the sun smiled upon the calm upturned faces of the mountains, upon the ruined houses, upon the little graves just beginning to show themselves above the water. Most of the women had been assured of the safety of their dear ones, and sat outside the church in the warm glow, talking with the others who had escaped, eating the food which these had brought, as yet too glad and thankful to be much cast down with thinking of their losses.

"It is a good thing it should have come now, when the cattle are all at the pastures," said Frau Plater.

"There will be a subscription for us in the town," said another.

"Heinrich will be the worst loser of all," grumbled old Gretchen Lenz. "He had fitted up a beautiful salon in the inn; there would have been visitors this year. The chairs cost so much—"

So they talked on with the rebound that sometimes seems heartless in these simple natures; which, after all, perhaps only speak without the disguise in which we veil our thoughts. They had returned to chatter and sunshine; those whose hearts were still heavy kept in the church, near the two still figures, one as motionless as the other. Lisa Stürm knelt by poor friendless Johann. "Why does not the doctor come?" Else asked once, looking up as if she had forgotten.

When the boat returned, there were more joyful greetings, more questions of sick anguish, more talk about what had or had not been saved. Wittwe Rothler's cottage was gone, some one said—swept away utterly. So far as they could tell, four men were missing, Thomas Stürm among them; then there was little Marie, and Else's mother, and the two lying within the church; and, when the heavy tale was told, it was, after all, only a wonder that so many had been saved from that terrible death. The men gathered round the priest, and went in and knelt down reverently to offer their simple thanksgiving; afterward he spoke of the others whose fate was as yet uncertain, and many of the women, who had been most full of joy, broke into sobbing again, looking round on Else, on whose fair hair the sun was shining, as she knelt by Christian. She was unconscious alike of their pity and their forgetfulness, unconscious, I think, of the curé's prayer; her eyes never raised themselves from that white, unmoved face, even when Frau Plater put her kind heavy hand on her shoulder and tried to draw her away.

Not long after there was a stir at the door. Other boats appeared on the lake as the storm subsided, and the news of the disaster which had overwhelmed the little village began to spread. Some of them rowed about outside, trying to pick up those portions of the universal wreck which had been swept into the lake. They came laden with odd jumbles of things—pathetically inappropriate; but one at last dragged in a heavier burden, with which they rowed directly to the church. This it was which caused the stir, this Something—reverently covered, solemnly lifted out, brought into the church, with the curé walking before it. Lisa Stürm rose from her knees and went to meet it, putting out her hand, and trembling violently. Some one tried to stop her.

"Take off the cloth," she said, in a hoarse, strained voice. "That is Thomas."

At a sign from the priest the men obeyed. Her instinct was true—there, calm and still, lay her husband, and there, too, clasped tight to his breast, lay little golden-haired Marie. That embrace had never been broken; his arms were round her, the fair little head pillowed against him, when quick, sudden death came leaping down and riveted it. There was something so tender, so peaceful, so holy in the attitude, in the faces, that it hushed all mourning; the wail died away on the mother's lips, the priest crossed himself, and knelt down beside these still, passionless figures, Lisa glanced at him, trembled, bent down and kissed each face—husband and child—covered the faces, and knelt down also. Death is a very beautiful angel sometimes.

About an hour afterward one of the boats came back with a doctor. There were a great many trifling hurts, such as cuts and bruises, and Heinrich Lenz suffered more seriously; but first of all the women who were watching brought him where Johann and Christian lay a little apart from each other. They knew that Johann was gone beyond the reach of all skill, only his wife was away, and it seemed more fitting to these simple folk that the doctor should say in plain words that no more could be done by any of them. And then he turned to where Else still kept her faithful watch, with the yellow sunlight shining upon her hair, her hand under the dear head, her eyes upon those closed eyes that had looked so sadly at her when last she met their gaze. Would they ever open again? Was it life or death that was veiled by this long unconsciousness?

"He is alive—that is all," said the young doctor, gravely. He gave them rapid directions, and went off to Heinrich Lenz, promising to return immediately. After all he could not do much, and the women looked at little Else, poor child, and shook their heads as the minutes came and went, and brought no change. The waters subsided fast, men were wading about, their wives begged to be taken in the boats to see the ruins from which they were pulling up such poor sodden muddy treasures. By-and-by, too, they managed to carry Heinrich Lenz to one of the standing houses, and so no one was left in the quiet church except the silent dead with their watchers, and the one who yet lingered on the border-land, silent as they. Silent—yes—but the border-land was not passed—there came a slight fluttering movement, a gasp; the doctor, who was profoundly interested in these two, was at his head in a moment—another painful breath, then the wondering eyes opened and fixed themselves on Else, wandered away, returned; the lips parted: "Heart's beloved," breathed Christian in the faintest, feeblest sigh: her arms were around him, and the doctor, half scolding, half laughing, became peremptory at once.

There is so much sorrow in the world, and yet, thank Heaven, so much happiness! Now that my little story is at an end, one would like to leave it with a pleasant bright glow resting upon it, and to say and think no more about the tragedies. After the crash of the storm, the beautiful vox humana making its perfect music. But life will not let us do so; here, as always, we must turn away and leave weeping and smiling, sunshine and shade. For this one's husband was saved, and that one's taken from her; Else's lover was given back, but her mother slept under the blue-green water; Lisa Stürm's other children played at her side, but her little Marie's golden head lay quiet upon her father's breast; the village was full of sad ruin, of great cracks and holes and depths scooped out, huge stones and rocks brought down by the flood, sheets of yellow mud, and trees overthrown, and yet—the warm sun shone down healingly, green things began to shoot with strange quick life, every where was the work of repair and renovation. Nay, in places it seemed as if the very scars had revealed a new beauty, the delicacy of veined stone, the loveliness of flowers clothing them. Does this seem insufficient? Do we ask for more? Is the story incomplete? Ah, yes—like other stories, like other longings. For the completion is not here; time is not eternity, earth is not heaven; although sometimes there comes a waft of sweetness inexpressible from the land which is not very far off.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN was arrested recently for blacking his wife's eyes. If men would marry black-eyed women in the first place, it would save a heap of trouble. They wouldn't need to be frescoing their eyes every little while.

A little boy defines snoring as letting off sleep.

A Fenian over the water was called on for a toast. He gave the following:

"All hail! the American aigle!
Proud bird of freedom, all hail!
The fowl that no one can invaigle,
Or put salt on his beautiful tail."

NOTICE.—A kind lady who sent us up a mince-pie, with the request to "please insert," is assured that such articles are never crowded out by press of other matter.

A WARNING FOR FASHIONABLE ASSEMBLIES—Look out for the paint.

A well-known English lord is said to have given the following instructions to his steward: "We are coming down, a large party, in a day or two, to eat strawberries and cream. We shall want plenty of the latter, so don't let any of the cows be milked meanwhile."

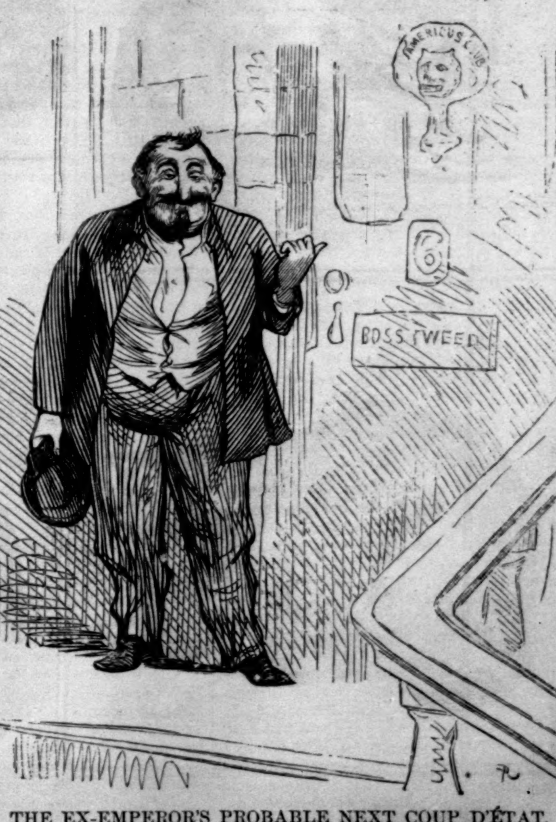
A San Francisco journalist, desiring to give his readers a faint idea of the performance of a band of Chinese musicians, asks them to imagine themselves "in a boiler manufactory where five hundred men are putting in rivets, a mammoth tin-shop next door on one side, and a forty-stamp quartz mill upon the other, with a drunken *charivari* party with six hundred instruments in front, and four thousand enraged cats on the roof."

POOR SUITS FOR WEAR—Libel suits.

A liberal-minded Boston tourist handed a half dollar to a rough-looking Nevada miner who had politely shown him through a shaft. "Stranger, how much are you worth?" inquired Nevada. "Well, about $25,000," replied Boston. "Then I guess I won't take your half dollar. I made $250,000 here myself last month." Boston retired in a demoralized condition.

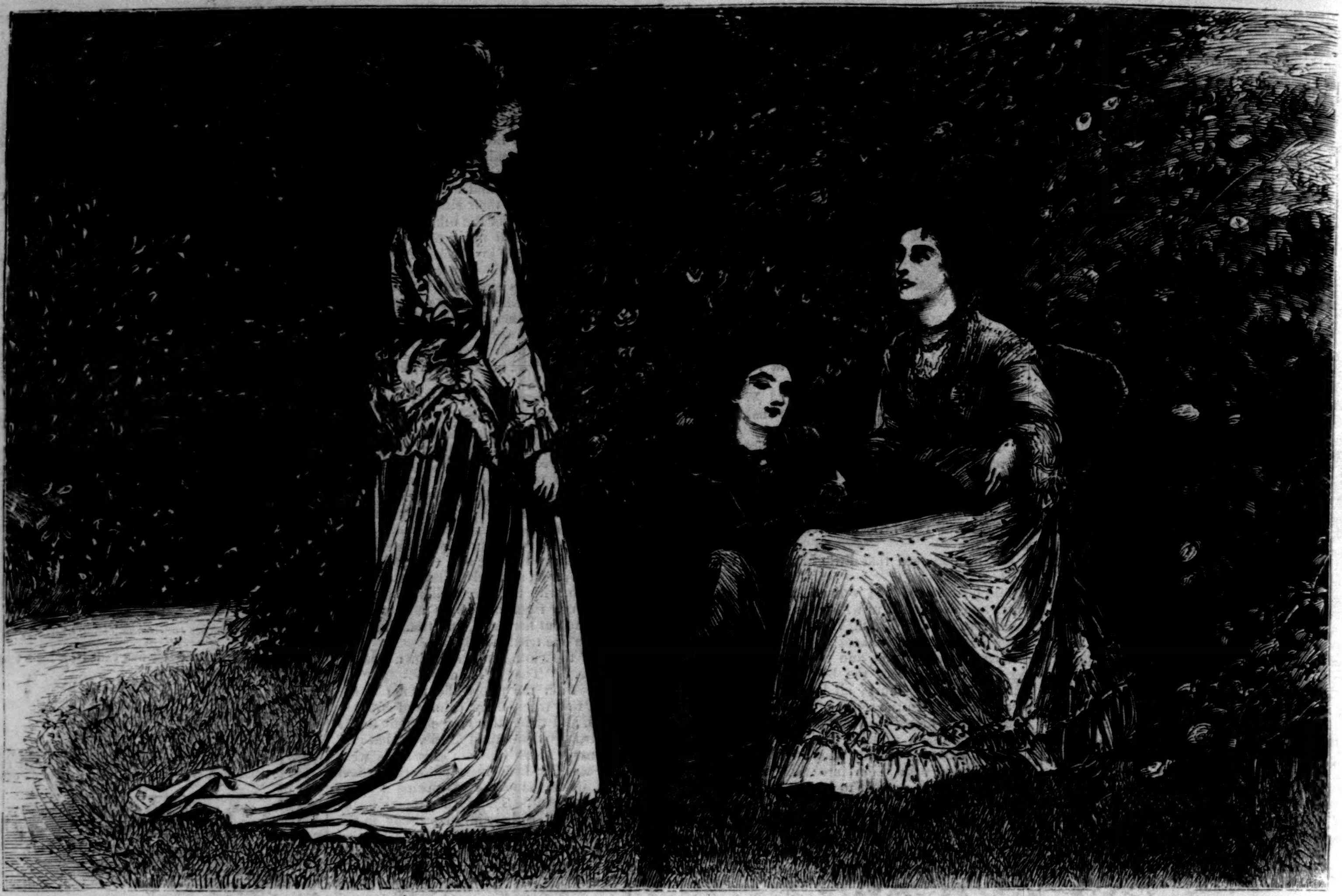
TO PROTECT THE CHEST—Put a lock on it.

"Maria," said a lady to a colored chamber-maid, "that's the third silk dress you have worn since you came to me; pray how many do you own?" "Only seven, missis; but I's savin' my wages to buy anoder." "Seven! what use are seven silk dresses to you? why, I don't own so many as that." "S'pect not, missis," said the smiling darkey; "you doesn't need 'em so much as I does. You see, you quality folks every body knows is quality; but we bettermost kind of cullud pussons has to dress smart to distinguish ourselves from common niggers."



THE EX-EMPEROR'S PROBABLE NEXT COUP D'ÉTAT.

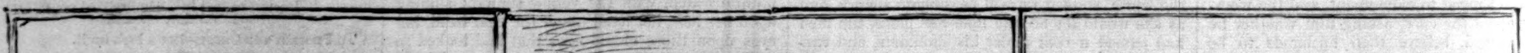
"Aha! Voici le Boss! I sall go help him hombug ze Irish!"



THE LONDON CAT SHOW—CAN WE PART WITH PUSS?

THE LONDON CAT SHOW.

The engravings on this page are from sketches made at the recent Cat Show held in the Crystal Palace, London, with the exception of the first, which is an imaginative design, and endeavors to portray the emotions of three ladies, who are wondering whether they can part with Pussy. A good many ladies did manage to part temporarily with their purring favorites, for upward of 160 specimens of the feline tribe were sent into the exhibition. The directors of the Crystal Palace Company offered £70 in prizes, and the superintendent of the Natural History Department was indefatigable in his endeavors to collect as many noteworthy animals as possible. The smaller engravings represent the following specimens: The Siamese cats, a remarkable variety, not often met with out of that country. They are described as "soft, fawn-colored creatures, with jet-black legs—an unnatural, nightmare kind of cat, singular and elegant in their smooth skins, and ears tipped with black, and blue eyes with red pupils." Next comes the French-African cat, a very beautiful creature, with long woolly hair of a light brown color. Thirdly, a Persian, direct from Persia, remarkable for the great beauty of his black, gray, and white coat. He is described as a "very amiable beast." Fourthly, an enormous English cat, weighing 21 pounds, the biggest in the show. His color was a rich brown ground striped with black. Fifthly, a native of the Isle of Man, with the usual Manx absence of tail. This cat was very beautifully marked with light red and yellow markings on a lighter ground of the same color. This cat takes the water like a dog, and catches fish. Lastly, a British wild-cat, exhibited by the Duke of Sutherland. This cat is very scarce—indeed, almost extinct in the British Islands. His color is sandy brown, and the form of the end of the nose and tail peculiar. He has lost the right front paw. He behaved like a mad devil, and ten men could not get him into a wire cage out of the box in which he was sent. Altogether the London Cat Show was a complete success, and we have no doubt it will be imitated in this country, where dog shows have been so popular.

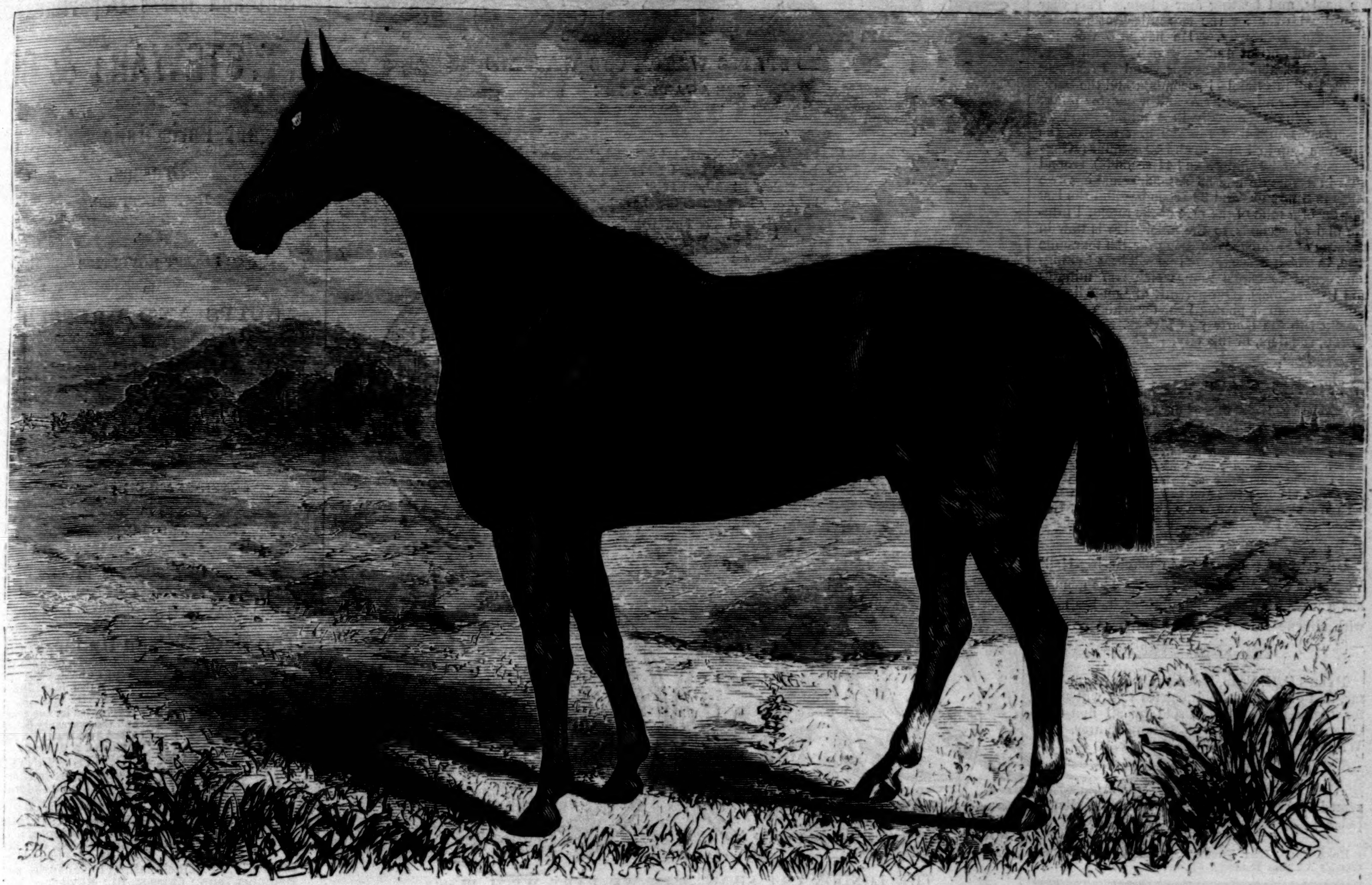


Manx, or Tailless Cat.
British Wild-Cat.

Persian Cat.
English Cat—the Biggest in the Show.

Siamese Cats.
French-African Cat.

PRIZE CATS AT THE LONDON CAT SHOW.



HARRY BASSETT.

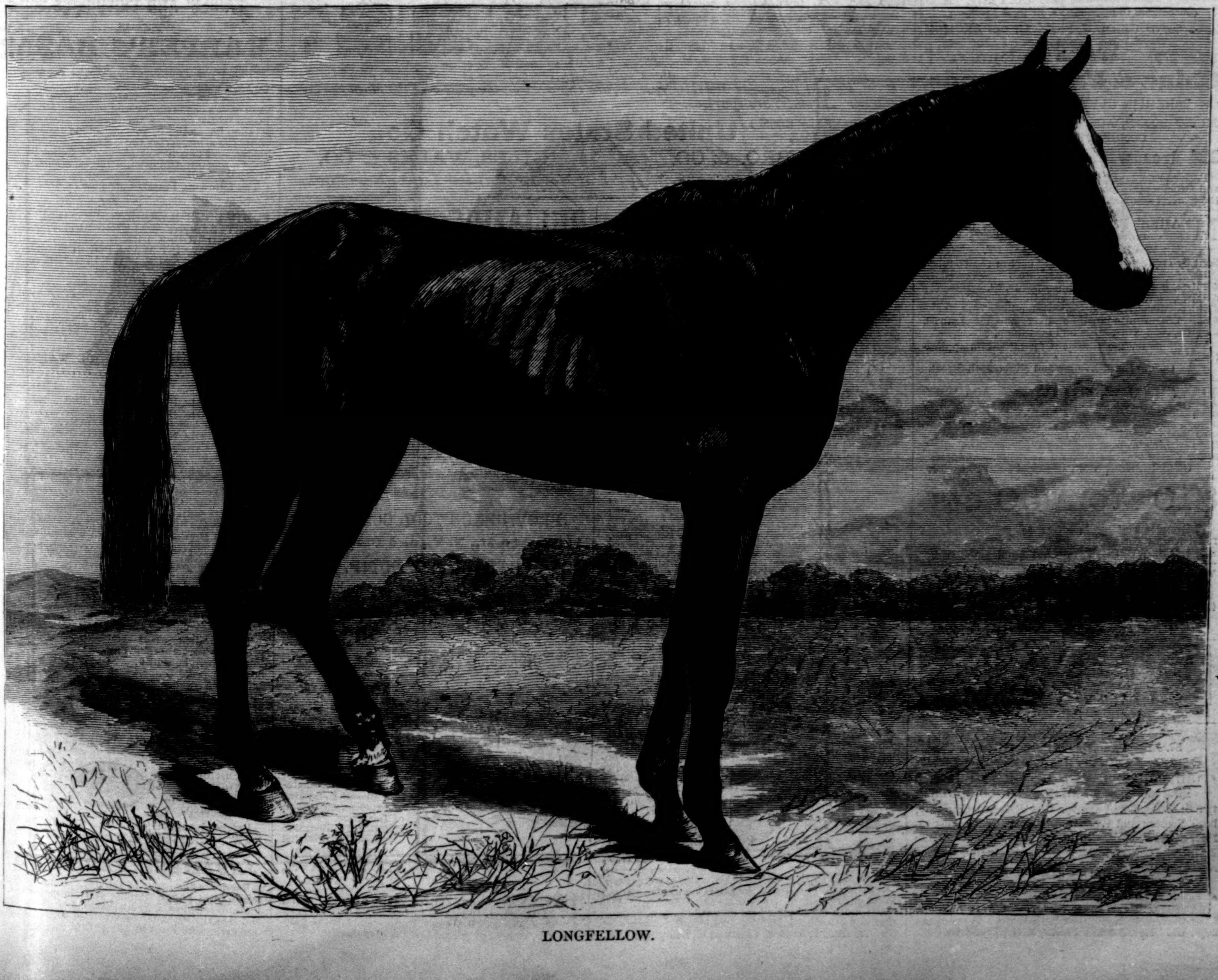
TWO CELEBRATED RACERS.

HARRY BASSETT.

This splendid colt (sire, Lexington; dam, Canary-Bird) is the property of Colonel M'Daniels, and, as our engraving shows, a magnificent representative of the running turf of America. His career has been remarkably brilliant. In 1870 he won the Kentucky Stakes at Saratoga, the Nursery Stakes at Jerome Park, and the Supper Stakes at Baltimore, winning in these stakes $8600, clear of his entrances. This year he has won the Belmont Stakes at Jerome Park, for three-year-olds—11 started; the Jersey Derby at Long Branch, three-year-olds—9 started—worth $2750; and also the Travers Stakes and Plate at Saratoga, for three-year-olds—7 started—value of stakes and plate $5650.

LONGFELLOW.

This horse (sire, Leamington; dam, Nanturn) is the property of Mr. John Harper, of Kentucky. In 1870 he won the Post Stakes, for all ages, at two-mile heats, winning in



LONGFELLOW.

two heats, and beating four others. This year he walked over for the two-mile-heat race at Lexington, Kentucky. He has also won the Monmouth Cup at Long Branch, for all ages, beating Helmbold, Regards, and Preakness (time, 4 minutes and 41 seconds); and the Saratoga Cup, for all ages, two and a quarter miles, beating Kingfisher easily in 4 minutes and 2¼ seconds. Longfellow ran the first mile of the Saratoga Cup in 1 minute and 40 seconds (Kingfisher in about 1 minute and 41 seconds), second mile in 1 minute and 53 seconds—making two miles in 3 minutes and 33 seconds—and the last quarter of a mile of the race at the rate of 1 minute and 59 seconds to the mile. He is now in training at Saratoga, preparing for the four-mile race, in which it is expected he will beat Lexington's great four-mile time, which is 7 minutes and 19¾ seconds. Our portrait of Longfellow is engraved from a photograph, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Neilsen & Guild, saddlers, of this city.

WATCHES THAT ARE WATCHES.

We shall be pleased to send our Descriptive Price-List of Genuine Waltham Watches, together with our illustrated pamphlet entitled a History of Watch-making, to all who send us their address. No matter how remote you are from New York, we can sell you a watch at the same price as if you were here. When you write, mention that you saw this notice in Harper's Weekly.—Howard & Co., 865 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

Beware of counterfeits in purchasing Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. The genuine has a private revenue stamp, three inches long, with a likeness of Dr. Hall upon it, over the cork. —[*Com.*]

Pyle's O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—the world's great remedy for Colds, Coughs, and Consumption.—[*Com.*]

Rose Cold, Hay Fever, are conquered by Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, and Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Depot, 49 Bond St., New York.

STRASBURGER & PFEIFFER,
(Successors to Strasburger, Fritz, & Pfeiffer),
Importers of GERMAN, FRENCH, and ENGLISH
TOYS,
China & Fancy Goods,
BOHEMIAN GLASS and LAVA WARES,
MUSIC BOXES, ACCORDEONS, HARMONICAS, CONCERTINAS, &c., &c.,
394 Broadway, near Canal St., N.Y.

Parlor Ornaments, latest novelties in Toys, Fancy and Ornamental Goods constantly arriving to supply the general demand.

MEARES' PARAGON SHIRTS, made to order of best materials, and
WARRANTED TO FIT.
Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:
6 Shirts, good muslin and linen fronts, $9.
6 Shirts, better muslin and good linen, $10 50.
6 Shirts, Masonville muslin and fine linen, $12.
6 Shirts, Wamsutta muslin and very fine linen, $13 50.
6 Shirts, New York Mills and best linen, $15.

Directions for measurement forwarded on application.
RICHARD MEARES,
Corner Sixth Avenue and Nineteenth Street.

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Location healthy; Scenery unequaled; Building convenient; Teachers highly educated, earnest, working men; System of Order unsurpassed. A wide-awake, thorough-going School for Boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point or the Naval Academy. Address
OTIS BISBEE, A.M., Principal and Proprietor.

$10 from 50 cts.

12 Samples sent (postage free) for Fifty Cents that retail readily for Ten Dollars.
R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.

WARREN WARD & CO., Manufacturers and wholesale and retail dealers in
EVERY VARIETY of FURNITURE
for City and Country Residences,
Nos. 75 and 77 Spring Street,
Corner of Crosby St., N. Y.

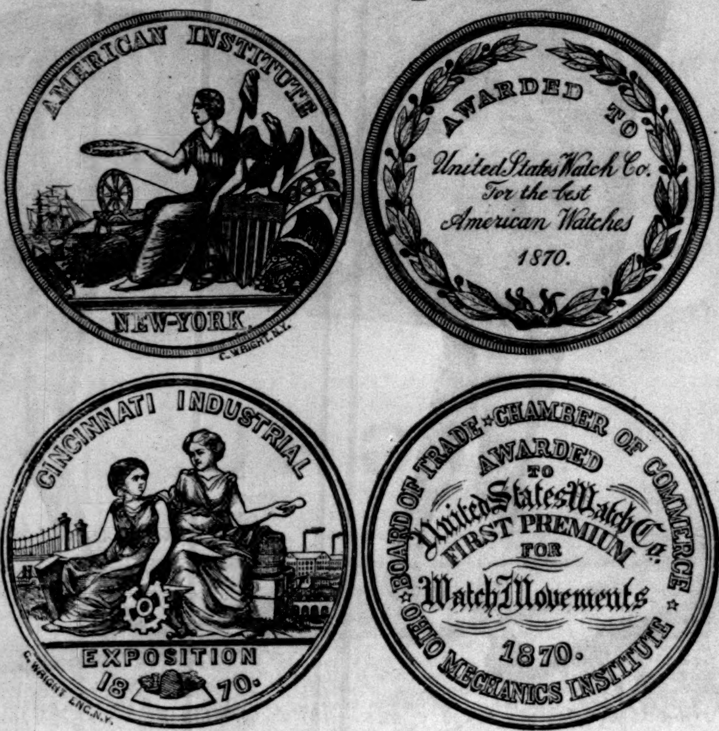
CRISTADORO'S
THE BEST
HAIR DYE.
Depot, 6 Astor House; Factory, 68 Maiden Lane.

Treasurer's Office,
St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad Co.,
St. Joseph, Mo., July 24, 1871.

THE COUPONS AND INTEREST ON THE First Mortgage 8 PER CENT. GOLD BONDS of the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad Company, both Eastern and Western Divisions, due August 15, 1871, at New York, will be paid at the office of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, in the City of New York, free of tax.
THOS. E. TOOTLE, Treasurer.

CLAVERACK COLLEGE *and Hudson River Institute*, at Claverack, N.Y. For both sexes. Term opens Sept. 4th. Rev. Alonzo Flack, A.M., President.

MARION
UNITED STATES WATCH CO'S WATCHES
WERE AWARDED THE
FIRST PREMIUMS
At Fair of "AMERICAN INSTITUTE," New York, 1870,
" " "OHIO MECHANICS INSTITUTE," Cincinnati, 1870,
At "LOUISIANA STATE FAIR," New Orleans, La., 1870,
And at every Fair where they have been exhibited,
Over all Competitors.

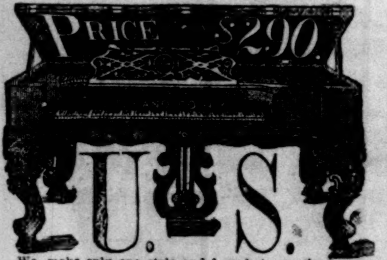


Watch No. 1089, U. S. Watch Co., Stem-Winder—variation, ***2 Seconds*** in ***14 Months.***
L. E. Chittenden, *late Reg. U. S. Treas.*
Watch No. 21,039, U. S. Watch Co., Stem Winder—variation, 7 seconds in four months.
S. M. Beard, *firm Beards & Cummings.* 128 *Front Street, N.Y.*
Watch No. 10,548, U. S. Watch Co., Stem-Winder—variation, 5 seconds per month.
Z. C. Priest, *Ass't Sup't N. Y. C. & H. R. R.*
Watch No. 1037, U. S. Watch Co., Stem Winder—variation, only 5 seconds per month.
Henry Smith, *Treas. Panama R. R. Co.*, 88 *Wall St., N.Y.*

Price Lists furnished the trade on application, inclosing business card. For sale by the trade generally.
Ask your Jeweler to see the MARION
WATCHES.

BEWARE of worthless imitations with which the country is flooded. To avoid imposition, see that the words MARION, N. J., are engraved on the plate over the Main-Spring Barrel. All others are spurious.

WHOLESALE ROOMS OF THE **United States Watch Co.,**
GILES, BRO. & CO.
83 & 85 State St., Chicago, Ill.
GILES, WALES & CO.
No. 13 Maiden Lane, New York.

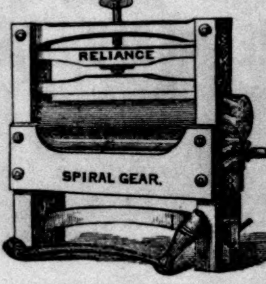


We make only one style, and have but one price for our Pianos, which are all made from thoroughly seasoned and kiln-dried materials, and have seven octaves—rosewood case—carved legs and lyre—large square grand overstrung scale—front round corners—serpentine bottom—iron plate—French action—and are all warranted five years. We have no agents, and allow no commissions or discounts to any one. This explains how we can sell a good Piano for $290, which is about the price Piano dealers pay to manufacturers for instruments similar to ours. Piano dealers are allowed by all manufacturers, except ourselves, to add 100 per cent., and upward, profit to all sales. This the public can prove by investigation to be strictly true. Piano dealers, teachers, professors, and everybody else, are excluded from any and every possibility of a single cent of commission on our Pianos. If you wish a Piano sent for trial, you must make the matter of reference and payment unquestionable; and if the instrument is in any respect inferior to any Piano made in the known world at any price, you may send it back to us at the end of ten days' trial, instead of paying for it. If you order a Piano sent, we have one request to make; and that is, that the trial shall be made by parties who are not interested in other Pianos. Please send for our Circulars containing full particulars and references to bankers, merchants, and families, in thirty-five States and Territories, who are using our Pianos. Address or apply to the
UNITED STATES PIANO CO., 645 Broadway, N. Y.

BLEES
NOISELESS,
LOCK-STITCH
SEWING MACHINE
Challenges the world in perfection of work, strength and beauty o stitch, durability of construction, and rapidity of motion. Call and examine. Send for circular. Agents wanted.
MANUFACTURED BY
BLEES
Sewing Machine Co.,
623 Broadway, N. Y.

THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.—Inclose a postage stamp for circular of the Little Fisherman. Something entirely new. Its actions are wonderful. Will catch more fish, larger fish, and afford more pleasure than any other hook and line arrangement ever invented. Address T. Steele, Catasauqua, Lehigh Co., Pa.

RELIANCE WRINGER,
PERFECTED 1871.

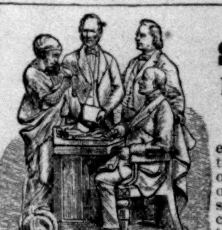


Moulton Rolls, Most Durable;
Spiral Cogs, Easiest Working;
Curved Clamp, Holds Firmest;
The Cheapest,
The Best,
TRY IT.

PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,
11 Warren St., N. Y., and PROV., R. I.

$25. STEAM JET PUMP. $25.

The simplest and cheapest device ever known for raising water, oils, syrups, acids, &c. Capacity, 40 gallons per minute. Used in hotels, factories, mines, quarries, &c. Operated by steam direct from boiler. *Has no valve or wearing parts of any kind. Is unaffected by sand or grit.* Certain to work at all times. Sent to any address on receipt of $25.
SINKER, DAVIS, & CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

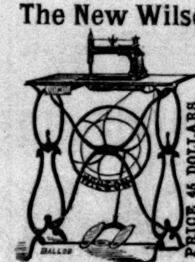


Groups of Statuary
BY JOHN ROGERS.
$10 to $25 each.
These will be delivered at any railroad station in the U. S., free of expense, on receipt of the price. Inclose stamp for illustrated catalogue & price-list to **JOHN ROGERS, 212 Fifth Ave., New York.**

RIFLES, Shot-Guns, Revolvers, Gun Material. Write for Price-List, to Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. *Agents wanted.*

Suit and Dress Department.
A. T. STEWART & CO.
are offering
Elegant Paris-Made Suits and Dresses,
JUST RECEIVED.
Also,
LATEST NOVELTIES
in
SUITS AND DRESSES
of
POPLIN, SERGE, PONGEE,
and other fabrics for
EARLY FALL WEAR.
They also beg to announce another
CONSIDERABLE REDUCTION
in
LINEN AND LINEN SUITS,
to
CLOSE OUT SUMMER STOCKS.
BROADWAY, 4TH AVE., 9TH & 10TH STS.

The New Wilson Under-Feed.



THE BEST & CHEAPEST FIRST CLASS SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD.
PRICE 45 DOLLARS.
Warranted for five years, and the warranty indemnified by a capital of half a million of dollars.
AGENTS WANTED in unoccupied territory. For particulars address
Wilson Sewing Machine Co.
Cleveland, O.; St. Louis, Mo.; Providence, R. I.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Boston, Mass.; Pittsburg, Pa. Louisville, Ky.; Cincinnati, O.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Memphis, Tenn.; Chicago, Ill.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Toledo, O.; Albany, N.Y.; St. Paul, Minn.; Richmond, Va.; Montgomery, Ala.; New Orleans, La.; Galveston & Houston, Tex.; San Francisco, Cal.; or
No. 707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Cut Paper Patterns
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are Graded to Fit any Figure, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, the names and directions for putting together being printed on each separate piece of the pattern, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. III.

POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	No. 26
SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	" 30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	" 38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	" 40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	" 46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	" 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	" 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT	" 21
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for Boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 33

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Combination STENCIL ALPHABET and Figures.

It is one of the most useful inventions of the age for Merchants and Business Men.

It is an exceedingly rapid method of marking boxes for shipment, show-cards, price-lists, &c.

Patented Aug. 11, '68. Send for a Circular.
NEW YORK STENCIL WORKS, 87 Nassau St., N. Y.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.

Economy the order of the day. Household articles made from paper, durable and cheap. Pails, Milk-Pans, Wash-Bowls, Fruit-Dishes, &c. Send for Price and Descriptive Lists. JENNINGS BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 352 Pearl St., N. Y. City.

Valuable New Books,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

ABBOTT'S FREDERICK THE GREAT. The History of Frederick the Second, called Frederick the Great. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, Author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," "The French Revolution," &c. Elegantly Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

AMERICAN GUIDE TO EUROPE. Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With numerous Maps and Plans of Cities. Tenth Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Tucks, $5 00.

JEFFERSON'S DOMESTIC LIFE. The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson: compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences by his Great-Granddaughter, SARAH N. RANDOLPH. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 50.

LYELL'S STUDENT'S GEOLOGY. The Student's Elements of Geology. By Sir CHARLES LYELL, Bart., F.R.S., Author of "The Principles of Geology," "The Antiquity of Man," &c. With more than 600 Illustrations on Wood. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOW-SHOES. A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations made in the Years 1865–'67. By RICHARD J. BUSH, late of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY: a Picture from Life. A Book for Girls. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With Illustrations by Frölich. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

HEAT: being Part I. of *Science for the Young.* By JACOB ABBOTT. Copiously Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

LIGHT: being Part II. of *Science for the Young.* By JACOB ABBOTT. Copiously Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Fresh Novels,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Put Yourself in His Place," "Griffith Gaunt," "Hard Cash," "White Lies," "Foul Play," &c. With many Original Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 30 cents.

FOR LACK OF GOLD. By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE ISLAND NEIGHBORS. A Novel of American Life. By Mrs. A. B. BLACKWELL. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

WON—NOT WOOED. By the Author of "Bred in the Bone," "A Beggar on Horseback," "One of the Family," "Gwendoline's Harvest," "Carlyon's Year," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HER LORD AND MASTER. By FLORENCE MARRYAT (Mrs. Ross Church). 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

RALPH THE HEIR. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Sir Harry Hotspur," "Orley Farm," "The Vicar of Bullhampton," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 75.

ANTEROS. By GEORGE A. LAWRENCE, Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A LIFE'S ASSIZE. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, Author of "Maxwell Drewitt," "Race for Wealth," "Phemie Keller," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

NEW EDITIONS

OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

HER LORD AND MASTER. By FLORENCE MARRYAT. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

VILLETTE. By CHARLOTTE BRONTE. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

Use none but

THE BEST!!!

TRADE MARK.

SOUPS AND BEEF TEA FOR THE MILLION.

Strengthening Nourishment! Economy in housekeeping!! LIEBIG'S COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, recommended by the faculty, received the highest prizes at Paris, Havre, and Amsterdam; is supplied to the British, French, Russian, Prussian, and U. S. Governments. None genuine without the signature of **BARON LIEBIG**, the inventor, on every jar.

Agents in San Francisco, CHURCH & CLARK; New Orleans, E. J. HART & CO. General Agents, J. MILHAU'S SONS, 183 Broadway, New York.

FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE

Warranted a perfect cure for all kinds of PILES, LEPROSY, SCROFULA, CANCER, SALT-RHEUM, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH, NEURALGIA, and all diseases of the SKIN AND BLOOD. Entirely vegetable. Send and receive back your money in all cases of failure. No failures for 13 years. $1 a bottle; sold every where.

Send for circulars. H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston.

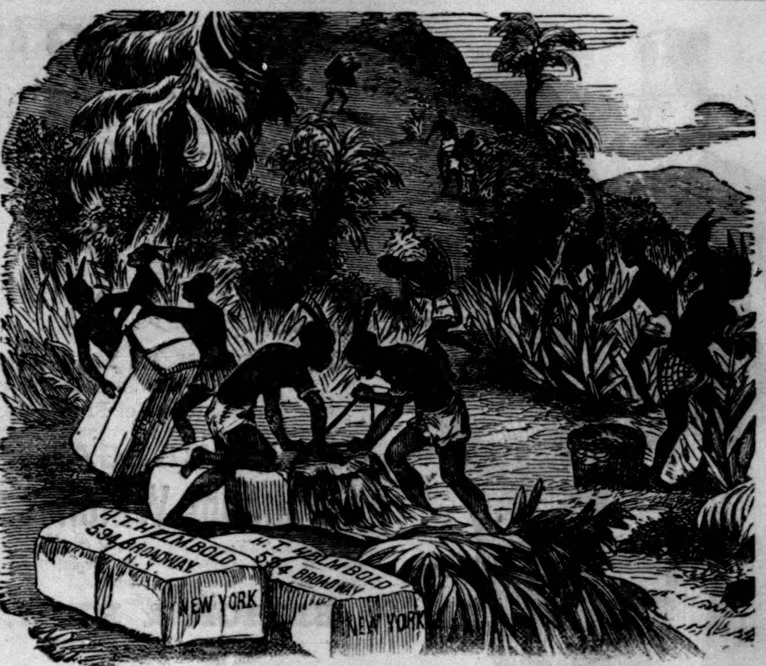
DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.

Cheapest and Best Portable Presses.

MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.

Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16; Offices, $15, $20, $30.

Send for a circular to LOWE PRESS CO.,
15 Spring Lane, Boston, Mass.



HOTTENTOTS SEEN GATHERING BUCHU LEAVES AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE FOR H. T. HELMBOLD.

BUCHU.

[From Dispensatory of the United States.]

DIOSMA CRENATA—BUCHU LEAVES.

PROPERTIES.—Their odor is strong, diffusive, and somewhat aromatic; their taste bitterish and analogous to mint.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.—Buchu leaves are gently stimulant, with a peculiar tendency to the Urinary Organs.

They are given in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Morbid Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Disease of the Prostate Gland, and Retention or Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. The remedy has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections, and Dropsy.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is used by persons from the ages of 18 to 25, and from 35 to 55, or in the decline or change of life; after Confinement or Labor Pains; Bed-Wetting in children.

In affections peculiar to Females the Extract Buchu is unequaled by any other remedy.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU has cured every case of Diabetes in which it has been given. Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Ulceration of the Kidneys and Bladder, Retention of Urine, Diseases of the Prostate Gland, Stone in the Bladder, Calculus, Gravel, Brick-Dust Deposit, and Mucous or Milky Discharges, and for enfeebled and delicate constitutions of both sexes attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Horror of Disease, Wakefulness, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Hot Hands, Flushing of the Body, Dryness of the Skin, Eruption on the Face, Pallid Countenance, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, &c.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is Diuretic and Blood-Purifying, and cures all diseases arising from habits of dissipation, excesses and imprudences in life, impurities of the Blood, &c., superseding Copaiba in affections for which it is used, in connection with HELMBOLD'S ROSE WASH.

Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other.

Describe symptoms in all communications.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA,

The Great Blood Purifier and Beautifier of the Complexion.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA

will radically exterminate from the system Scrofula, Syphilis, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Sore Legs, Sore Mouth, Sore Head, Bronchitis, Skin Diseases, Salt-Rheum, Cankers, Runnings from the Ear, White Swellings, Tumors, Cancerous Affections, Nodes, Rickets, Glandular Swellings, Night Sweats, Rash, Tetter, Humors of all kinds, Chronic Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all diseases that have been established in the system for years.

BEING PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE ABOVE COMPLAINTS, ITS BLOOD-PURIFYING PROPERTIES ARE GREATER THAN ANY OTHER PREPARATION OF SARSAPARILLA. IT GIVES THE COMPLEXION A CLEAR AND HEALTHY COLOR, AND RESTORES THE PATIENT TO A STATE OF HEALTH AND PURITY. FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD, REMOVING ALL CHRONIC CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, AND THE ONLY RELIABLE AND EFFECTUAL KNOWN REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF PAINS AND SWELLINGS OF THE BONES, ULCERATIONS OF THE THROAT AND LEGS, BLOTCHES, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, ERYSIPELAS, AND ALL SCALY ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,

The most reliable PURGATIVE and CATHARTIC known, superseding Salts, Magnesia, &c., in Sick or Nervous Headache, Jaundice, Indigestion, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, General Debility, &c. No nausea, no griping pains, but mild, pleasant, and safe in operation.

The CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS are purely vegetable, being composed of Catawba Grape Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb.

Beware of those cheap patent pills carelessly prepared by inexperienced persons, most of which contain either calomel, mercury, or other deleterious drugs.

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS. Established upward of 20 years. Prepared by

H. T. HELMBOLD, Practical and Analytical Chemist,

594 Broadway, N.Y., and 104 South Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERY WHERE.

GEO. W. READ & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

VENEERS,

FANCY WOODS AND BOARDS,

Have in store the finest assortment ever seen, particularly

FRENCH VENEERS, HUNGARIAN ASH, &c.,

to which they invite the particular attention of the trade.

Send for a catalogue and price-list.

For SALE, one of the best and largest VENEER-CUTTING MACHINES in the country.

170 and 172 Centre St.

Factory, 186 to 200 Lewis St.

PORTABILITY combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly at from two to six miles. Eye-glasses and Spectacles of the greatest transparent power, to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent free on receipt of 3-cent stamp. SEMMONS,
Oculists' Optician, No. 687 Broadway.

H. HENDERSON'S

FAMILY LIQUOR CASES.

Each Case containing One Bottle of

OLD PALE BRANDY,	HOLLAND GIN,
OLD RYE WHISKY,	OLD PALE SHERRY,
FINE OLD PORT,	OLD BOURBON.

Guaranteed Pure and of the very Best Quality.

PRICE SEVEN DOLLARS.

Sent by Express C. O. D., or Post-Office order.

H. HENDERSON, 15 Broad St., New York.

$10 A DAY, with Stencil Tools. Samples free. Address A. E. GRAHAM, Springfield, Vt.

Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.

American Branch of House,

91 JOHN ST., New York.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.

HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

TEXAN LIEBIG'S TRADE MARK EXTRACT OF MEAT

Furnished to the United States Government and the principal Hospitals. The best and cheapest.

A. GLANZ, Sole Agent, 194 William St., New York.

NEVADA WILD SAGE HAIR TONIC,

The great discovery of the age! Restores hair to bald heads, prevents it from falling out, and gradually brings it back to its natural color. Put up in 1, 5, and 10 gallon packages, and sold at $4, $15, and $25, respectively. Sent on receipt of price, or C. O. D., to any part of the United States, Canadas, or Europe.

Address WILD SAGE CO., Box 61, Elko, Nevada.

$150 a Month! Employment! Extra Inducements!

A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $20 00 Shuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low-priced licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.

Madame Foy's Corset Skirt Supporter

is superior to all Corsets for Health, Comfort and Style. Lady Agents wanted in all Northern and Western States.

THE PANAMA SKELETON CORSET

Is not excelled for Summer wear.

ARNOLD & BANNING, 56 Lispenard St., New York; D. B. FISK & Co., Chicago; Agents for the Supporters.

HARMON, BALDWIN & FOY,
Sole Manufacturers, New Haven, Conn.

"THE LITERARY WORLD,"

A 20-page Monthly Paper, gives a fair and comprehensive view of current literature; book reviews, literary news, notes and queries, list of new publications. Vol. II. began June, 1871. **One Dollar per Year.**

Specimens free. S. R. CROCKER, Publisher,
32 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES, for all classes of Business Men, Schools, Amateur Printers, &c. Circular mailed free. Specimen Books of Type, Cuts, &c., ten cents.

ADAMS PRESS CO.,
53 Murray Street, New York.

LASELL FEMALE SEMINARY, at AUBURNDALE, Mass.—School raised to full college grade, including Greek. *Prices reduced one quarter.* United with N. E. Conservatory of Music. Music under direction of Mr. Eben Tourjee. Facilities for German, French, and Painting unsurpassed. Fall Term begins SEPT. 14. For Catalogue, address REV. CHAS. W. CUSHING.

ANGLING and FISH-CULTURE.

SCOTT'S book on "FISHING IN AMERICAN WATERS," with 174 Illustrations, teaches the *how* and *where* to fish and propagate fishes. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50. Mailed, prepaid, on receipt of price, by
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

BENT, GOODNOW, & CO., Boston, Mass., Publish "THE PATENT STAR," sell Patents, and give profitable agencies to canvassers.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

For particulars, address AVERY BILL, Care Harper & Brothers, 331 Pearl St., New York.

WANTED AGENTS, every where, to canvass for our great DOLLAR Paper. A fine $2 00 Steel Engraving given to every subscriber. Extraordinary inducements. Address B. B. RUSSELL, Boston, Mass.

NEW INVENTION.—Universal Twine and Thread Cutter; saves time, twine, thread, fingers, and teeth. Agents wanted in every town in the United States. Sample sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Address Davis Novelty Agency, 3 Asylum St., Hartford, Ct.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED to sell a new Machine coming into general use; good profits. Send for Circular. Address C. H. STOCKELL, Manufacturer and Proprietor, Nashville, Tenn.

$250 a Month easily made with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Secure Circular and Samples, *free.* S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

AGENTS! READ THIS!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $30 per Week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

$10 *A DAY—Business* entirely *new.* Circulars *free.* Address *J. C. RAND & CO.*, Biddeford, Me.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year......	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year......	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year......	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00, *without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

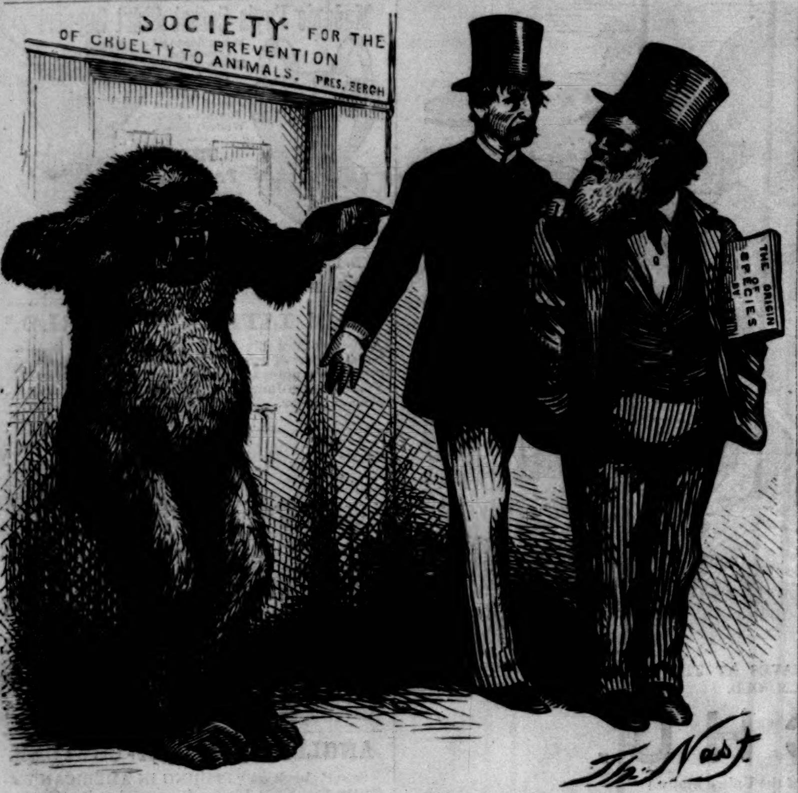
TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $500; Half Page, $250; Quarter Page, $150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.


SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. PRES. BERGH
THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES
Th. Nast

MR. BERGH TO THE RESCUE.

The Defrauded Gorilla. "That *Man* wants to claim my Pedigree. He says he is one of my Descendants."

Mr. Bergh. "Now, Mr. Darwin, how could you insult him so?"

WOOD BROTHERS CO.,

740 BROADWAY, New York,

Manufacturers of Fine Carriages.

"THE MODEL WAGON,"

THE MOST DESIRABLE ROAD WAGON MADE.

With Top, **$400**; Without Top, **$300**.

DOUBLE SUSPENSION CARRIAGES A SPECIALTY.

Landaulets, Broughams, and Coupes for One or Two Horses.

MAIL PHAETONS,
PARK PHAETONS,
TEA CARTS,

TANDEM CARTS,
DOG CARTS,
DENNETS,

LANDAUS,
LANDAUS with Glass Fronts,
CALECHES,

VICTORIAS,
CABRIOLETS,
PONY PHAETONS.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

THE SEASON OF PERIL.

In the Summer and Autumn the system is in a less nervous condition than when under the bracing influence of a colder temperature. Keep the bowels unobstructed, the digestion active, and the blood cool in warm weather. To effect this object, take occasionally a dose of

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT.

It is a gentle cathartic, a wholesome tonic, an antidote to biliousness, a blood depurent, and a most delightful febrifuge, united in one sparkling, foaming elixir, prepared in a moment, and without the slightest trouble.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

RAILROAD BONDS Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to **No. 7 Wall St., N. Y.** CHARLES W. **HASSLER**

WALTHAM **WATCHES**, from $14 to $400. **New Watch for Boys, and Railroad Time-keeper,** now ready. Send for our new Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue, *forwarded free to any address*, giving latest reduction in prices, to H. O. FORD & CO., 84 Tremont St. Boston. Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Mention Harper's.

Latest Novelty for Ladies' Toilettes

J. Marie Farina,
VIENNA, COLOGNE, PARIS,
Handkerchief
Extracts.
PUT UP IN NEW STYLE WICKER BOTTLES.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,

924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; 535 Broadway, N. Y.,

Opticians, Mathematical and Philosophical Instrument Makers and Importers.

Spectacles, Microscopes, Opera Glasses, Drawing Instruments, Transits, Levels, Compasses, Tape Measures, Thermometers, Barometers, Magic Lanterns, Stereopticons, &c., &c.

Manuals as follows sent for 10 cents each:
Part 1st. Mathematical Instruments.........155 pages.
" 2d. Optical Instruments................100 "
" 3d. Magic Lanterns and Stereopticons.. 88 "
" 4th. Philosophical Apparatus........... 66 "

Musical Boxes

Our immense stock offers unusual opportunities for selection. All SIZES and STYLES can be seen, from the TOY BOX, at $2 50, to the large one in piano style, playing over 100 tunes, and costing from $2000 to $3000.

Music-Boxes in imitation rose-wood and fancy carved cases. Those with celestial voice, drums, bells, and castanets, quatuor, organocleide, and piccolo movements in variety. Specially fine boxes, with several cylinders to change, supplying a great variety of tunes. MUSICAL ALBUMS, FANCY BOXES, and MUSICAL CHAIRS.

Orders by letter carefully and promptly filled.

MUSICAL BOXES CAREFULLY REPAIRED.

We are now ready to make to order additional cylinders, with tunes of your own selection.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
680 Broadway, N. Y.

STEEL PENS

(Trade-Mark, R. ESTERBROOK & CO.)

EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN M'F'G CO.,
49 Maiden Lane, New York.

DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER

Is now regarded as the STANDARD BAKING POWDER, and the best article prepared for making light, wholesome and delicious BISCUITS, ROLLS, BREAD, GRIDDLE and other CAKES, &c., &c.

It is infallible, and always ready for immediate use. The best YEAST POWDER for use on long SEA VOYAGES to ANY PART OF THE GLOBE.

It is convenient and economical. NO WASTE OF FOOD PREPARED WITH IT. Sold everywhere by GROCERS, SHIP-CHANDLERS and DEALERS.

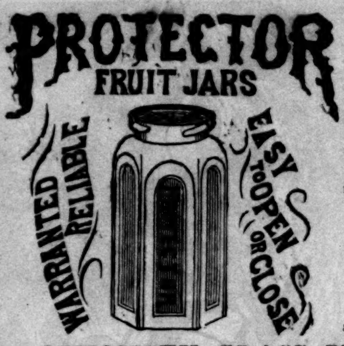
DOOLEY & BROTHER, Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE DEPOT,
69 NEW STREET, NEW-YORK.

Pratt's Astral Oil.

First Premium and Diploma at American Institute Fair, 1869 and 1870, for
SAFEST and BEST
ILLUMINATING OIL.
Oil House of
CHAS. PRATT, N. Y.
Established 1770.

DRAWING INSTRUMENTS, PAPER, TRACING CLOTH, &c. Send 2 3c. stamps for our catalogue. A. J. BICKNELL & CO., 27 Warren St., New York.

$290 For first-class Pianos—Sent on trial—No Ag'ts. Address U. S. PIANO CO., 645 B'dway, N. Y.



AVOID THE HOT WORK

OF PRESERVING.

Our Jars can be CLOSED MANY TIMES MORE RAPIDLY and Opened More Readily than any other. The lids are but one piece, and may be used many times, and fit any of our Jars.

CHEAPER PRICES ARE ADDITIONAL ADVANTAGE.

TIN TOPS are the MOST RELIABLE, and, not being in contact with, they can not injure the fruit.

ASK FOR

PROTECTOR JARS.

If the nearest storekeeper can not supply, write for circular and prices. We allow LIBERAL DISCOUNT to cover expense.

COHANSEY GLASS MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
No. 26 S. SEVENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Manufacturers of Fruit Jars, Window Glass, Bottles, and Vials.

GREAT BARGAINS.

Waltham Watches.

All styles, sizes, and descriptions of these fine time-pieces, in gold and silver cases, made specially to our own order, and sold at lowest prices.

BISHOP & REIN,
JEWELERS and SILVERSMITHS,
Under Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

SHIRTS.

J. W. Johnston,
260 GRAND STREET, New York,

Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.

☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
☞ Six good " " Harris " " $9.

To gentlemen residing outside of New York a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurements in inches: Size of Collar worn; measure from centre of Shoulder along arm to Knuckle of small finger; around Chest, Waist, and Wrist. State number of Plaits; if for Studs, Spirals, or Buttons; style of Cuff.

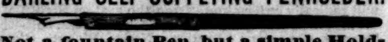
☞ The Trade supplied with Dress Shirts to Order.

ALL WHO KEEP BIRDS
USE THE EXCELSIOR PATENT WATERPROOF
CAGE MAT.

Keeps the CAGE CLEAN and FREE from Vermin. 5 Mats to any address on receipt of inside dimensions of cage and $1. Will last six months. Send for Circular. AGENTS WANTED.

269½ Pearl Street, New York.

DARLING SELF-SUPPLYING PENHOLDER.



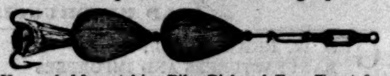
Not a fountain Pen, but a simple Holder filled by Atmospheric pressure. **Writes 2000 words at a dip. Used with any pen.** Sent prepaid for 50 cts.; Nickel plated, $1 00. Clubs of Six, $2 00. Address W. A. COOK, 6 State St., N. Y.

One of the Best of its kind.—*Scientific American*, N. Y.

I. E. BRAUNSDORF & CO., M'f'rs of the Ætna Shuttle S. M., have removed their Warerooms to 264 *Bowery*. Our new Family Machine is now ready, and all orders for them will be promptly supplied, as well as our B. and No. 2 M'f'g Machines. Responsible Agents required where none established, and liberal terms given.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES and NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List.] **Baltimore, Md.**

Mann's Improved Double Trolling Spoon



Unequaled for catching Pike, Pickerel, Bass, Trout, &c. Price, by mail, $1 00. John H. Mann, Syracuse, N. Y.

If your hair is falling out, or growing thin, use one bottle

DR. KENNEDY'S HAIR TEA,

a purely vegetable Hair Dressing. Sold every where.

WANTED—AGENTS (**$20 per day**), to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock stitch*" (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK, & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

LARGEST MUSIC SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.
Fall Term opens Monday, September 11. Send for Circular to E. TOURJEE, Director, Boston, Mass.

PATENTS **INVENTORS** who wish to take out Letters Patent are advised to counsel with the Editors of the Scientific American, who have prosecuted claims before the Patent Office for **23** Years. Their American and European Patent Agency is the most extensive in the world. Charges less than any other reliable agency. A pamphlet, with full instructions to Inventors, is sent gratis. Address

MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

BUILDERS and all who contemplate building, supplied with descriptive circular of "Village Builder." Address A. J. BICKNELL & CO., Publishers, 27 Warren St., N. Y.

TO AMERICANS TRAVELING IN EUROPE.

Circular Letters of Credit, available in Sterling or Francs, issued by

BOWLES BROTHERS & CO.,
19 William Street, N. Y.,
27 State Street, Boston.

WARD'S

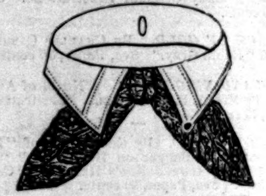
Argosy Cloth Face

COLLARS.

PAPER LINED.

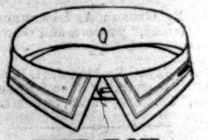
These beautiful Collars are sold at same price as Paper Goods, are much finer, and will wear three times as long.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

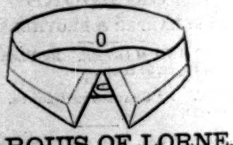


RUSSIAN PRINCE.
Argosy Cloth Face Collar.

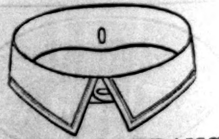
This is the most stylish and newest Collar out—should be worn with the Bow under the Collar, as drawing.



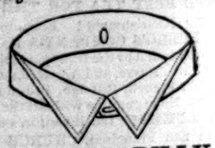
ROB ROY.
Argosy Cloth Face Collar.



MARQUIS OF LORNE.
Argosy Cloth Face Collar.



THE YOUNG FRANCE.
Argosy Cloth Face Collar.

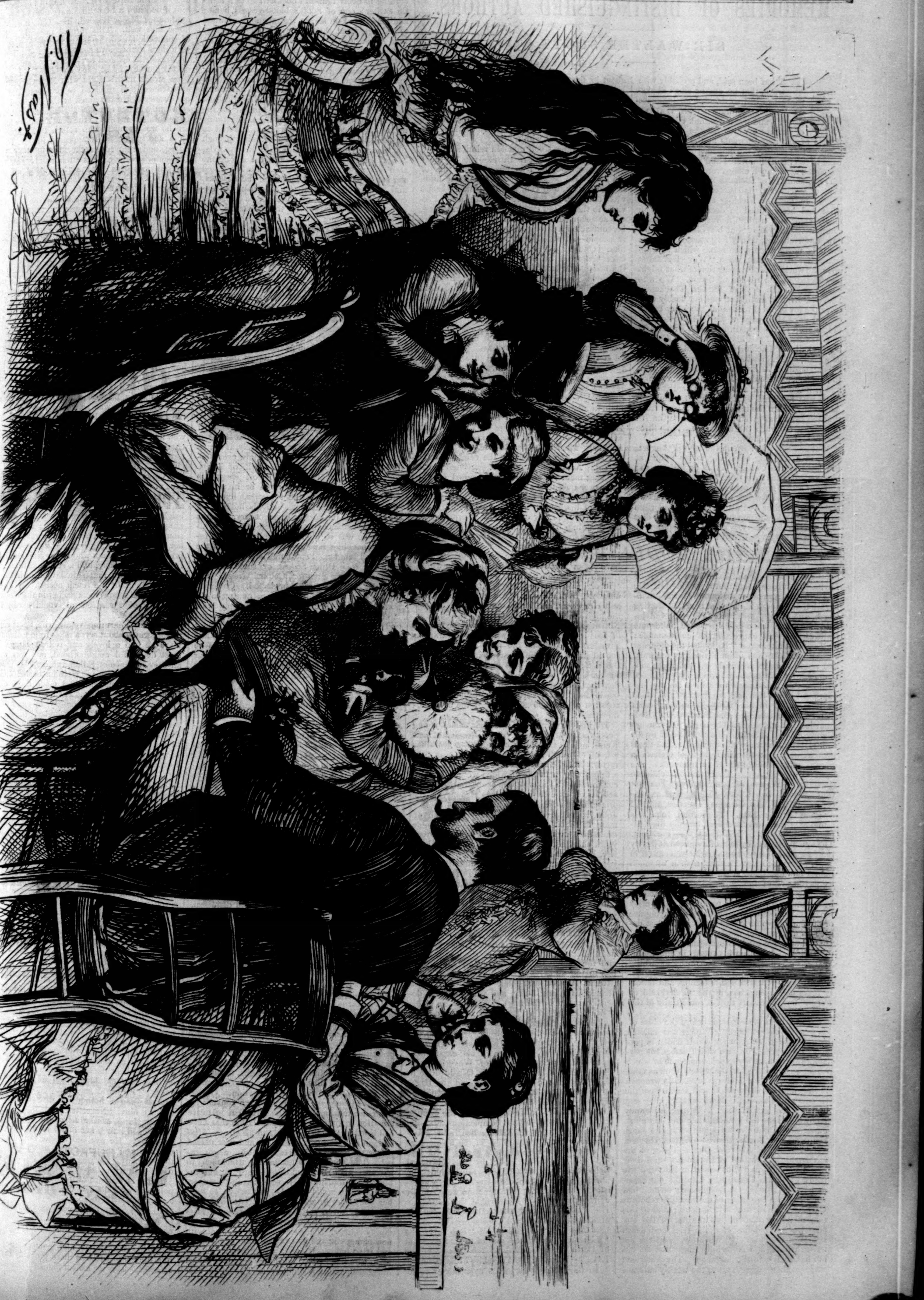


THE PICCADILLY.
Argosy Cloth Face Collar.

Ask for WARD'S ARGOSY CLOTH FACE COLLARS, they are made in all the newest styles.

MANUFACTURED BY
S. W. H. WARD,
NEW YORK.

ANY LADY may have a beautiful complexion and a soft skin by using Hagan's Magnolia Balm. It cures Sunburn, Pimples, Moth-patches, etc., and renders a lady the envy of her sex. But do not forget to dress your hair with Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon. It causes the hair to grow, prevents it from falling out or turning gray.



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IT has been said, and probably with truth, that no author since Shakspeare has had so decided an influence on English literature as Sir WALTER SCOTT; and when we think of the class of literature which fed the mental appetites of our grand-parents at the commencement of this century, the influence of the healthy tone of the Scottish novelist and poet can not be wondered at or much exaggerated. The mawkish sentimentality of Richardson, the prosy wordiness of Mackenzie, had succeeded to the gross, if life-like, tales of Fielding and Smollett, and what had been gained in decency was lost in manly vigor and truthful delineation of human character. Godwin's "Caleb Williams," a work now, unfortunately, nearly forgotten, was almost the only novel worthy the name which had appeared for many years, when "Waverley" burst upon the world as a new revelation of what might be effected in the realms of fiction. We who have lived in the days of Bulwer, Thackeray, Dickens, Brontë, and Eliot can but feebly conceive the joy of novel-readers as the ivory cutter opened page after page of the brilliant story of the English Cavalier and the Scotch Pretender.

When Scott offered his first novel to Constable & Co. he had achieved a splendid reputation as a poet, and enjoyed an ample income from his official position in the Court of Session. But the publishers were doubtful of the new venture, and it was only after a unanimous verdict in its favor was rendered by several most competent judges, by whom the manuscript had been read, that the work was given to the world on the 7th of July, 1814, when the author was forty-three years old, lacking one month.

Walter Scott was born on the 15th of August, 1771, in a dwelling belonging to his father, at the head of the College Wynd in Edinburgh; but the house has long since been pulled down to allow of a new street being opened. The father of the poet was a writer to the Signet, or, as we style it, a solicitor and attorney. He had risen to a respectable position in his profession by dint of probity and industry. There is an epitaph in the Howff (burying-place) of Dundee:

> "Here lies a writer and an honest man;
> Providence *works wonders nows and than.*"

Scott's father was one of these rare marvels of Divine Providence, being thoroughly honest. He was a man of somewhat distant and formal manners, but of singular kindness of heart, of sterling worth, and of deep-toned piety after the Calvinistic mode. He had a noble presence, handsome features, a sweet expression of countenance; and, as Sir Walter says, "he looked the mourner so well" that he was often invited to funerals, and seems to have positively enjoyed those monotonous and melancholy formalities connected with Scottish interments for which his son has expressed in his Journal such disgust, and which he has limned in his "Guy Mannering" with such ludicrous fidelity. Old Fairford, in "Redgauntlet," is unquestionably a graphic though slightly colored sketch of the elder Scott by his son. His mother was well educated, as the times then went, not at all comely in aspect, short in stature, and somewhat stiff in manners. She lived to a great age. Their first six children (including a Walter) died in infancy. The first who survived was Robert. He became an officer in the East India Company's service, and fell a victim to the climate. The second, John, was a major in the army, and lived long on his half-pay in Edinburgh. The third was the poet. The fourth was a daughter, of a somewhat flighty temperament, Anne by name, who was cut off in 1801. The fifth was Thomas, a man of much humor and excellent parts, who went to Canada as paymaster of the Seventieth Regiment, and died there. He was at one time suspected of being author, in whole or part, of the Waverley novels. The sixth was Daniel, the scape-grace of the family, whose conduct was in the last degree imprudent, and whose fate was disastrous. He had in the West Indies disgraced himself by cowardice, and died on his return in 1806. Sir Walter disowned him, and put on no mourning at the news of his death—conduct which he afterward thought harsh and unfeeling, and bitterly regretted. Conachar, in the "Fair Maid of Perth," has, Lockhart thinks, some traits of this poor unfortunate.

Very early in life—indeed, before the close of his second year—the young Walter was afflicted by a disease in his right leg which ended in permanent lameness, to cure which defect his parents resorted to many expedients, some of which would be considered at the present time as cruel and senseless. The child was repeatedly wrapped in the skin of a sheep while still warm from the carcass of the animal. More sensibly, they sent him to his grandfather, a farmer at Sandy Knowe. Here his grandmother and his aunt, Janet Scott, told him tales and sang him songs about the old Border thieves—Wat of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfor of the fair Dodhead, the Deil of Littledean—and their merry exploits, and thus sowed in his mind the seeds of future Deloraines, Clinthill Christies, and Robin Hoods. A neighboring farmer had witnessed the execution of the Jacobite rebels at Carlisle. He recounted it to Scott; and to this tale of horror poured into the ear of the boy poet we are indebted for the trial and death scenes at the close of "Waverley," perhaps the most thrilling and powerfully tragic matter, out of Shakspeare, in the language. The American war was then raging, and to the weekly bulletins about its fluctuating progress, brought to Sandy Knowe by his uncle, Thomas Scott, factor at Danesford, the little lame child did seriously incline his ear; and his cheek glowed and his eye kindled when he heard of any success on the part of the British arms; so early did the Tory throb begin to beat within him.

His aunt Janet stood much in relation to Scott as Betty Davidson did to Burns—was his chief instructress, and the true nurse within him of the *poet*. He began, in spite of his lame limb, to stand, walk, and run, and his general health was confirmed by the pure mountain air. Previous to this an old shepherd, Sandy Ormistone, was accustomed to carry him to the hills, where he contracted a strong attachment to the woolly people—an attachment which never forsook him. One Tibby Hunter described him as a sweet-tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house, and said that the young ewe-milkers delighted to carry him about on their backs among the crags. He had no greater pleasure than in rolling about all day long in the midst of the flocks, and he knew every sheep and lamb by head-mark.

When in his fourth year, Scott accompanied his aunt Janet to Bath, where it was hoped the waters would benefit his lameness. He remained at Bath a year, deriving little advantage from the waters. He attended, however, while there, a dame's school, and never, he says, had a more regular teacher of reading. On his return to Scotland it appears that he was allowed to remain in idleness at Sandy Knowe until his eighth year, when he was sent to the high school of Edinburgh, under the charge of Luke Frazer, whom he describes as a worthy man and capital scholar. Thence, in due course, he passed to the rector's class, taught by the celebrated Dr. Adam. Adam is said to have appreciated Scott's amazing memory, and frequently called him up to answer questions about dates; and although neither he nor the other teachers had any suspicion of his genius, he pronounced him better acquainted than any of his contemporaries with the meaning, if not with the words, of the classic authors. He encouraged him, also, to make translations from Homer and Virgil. One or two trifling pieces of verse by him of this date have been discovered. But, on the whole, though not a dunce, Scott was, as he says, an "incorrigibly idle imp," constantly glancing, like a meteor, from the bottom to the top of the form, and *vice versa*, and shone more in the *yards*—the high-school play-grounds—than in the class. Notwithstanding his infirmity, he was the bravest of foot-ball players, the swiftest of racers, the strongest of pugilists, the most persevering in snow-ball *bickers*, the most daring climber of the *kittle nine steps* (a pass of peril leading along the dark brow of the castle rock), and the most dextrous and strategic commander in the mimic battles fought in the cross causeway between the children of the mob and those of the better-to-do citizens.

During the vacation of the high school young Scott visited at his uncle's place, Rosebank, near Kelso, and in that town attended the grammar school, of which Mr. Lancelot Whale was then rector. Here he made the first acquaintance with a family two members of which were intimately connected with the most important literary transactions of his after-life—James Ballantyne, the printer of almost all his works, and his brother John, who had a share in the publication of many of them. Their father was a respectable tradesman in this pretty town. When thirteen years old, Scott entered the Edinburgh University, but attended classes little more than two years, for in May, 1786, we find him bound apprentice to his father as a writer to the Signet.

While serving his apprenticeship to his father Scott commenced those yearly visits to the Highlands which were destined to exert such power on the development of his genius. He saw from the Wicks o' Baigley, a point to the south of Perth, that superb view of the winding Tay and its rich valley; the bold adjacent hills of Kinnoul, Kinfauns, and Moncreiff; the "Fair City" and the distant Grampians, including Benvoirlich in the west, Schiehallion in the north, and Mounts Battock and Blair in the east, which struck his young fancy, and which he has described in one of the most eloquent pages of his "St. Valentine's Day." Stewart of Invernahyle, a client of his father's—an old Jacobite, who had measured swords with Rob Roy, and been out with Mar and with "Charlie"—invited the son to his Highland home, where his experiences somewhat resembled those of Waverley with Fergus M'Ivor, and of Francis Osbaldistone in the M'Gregor's country. He found the Highlands in a very primitive condition indeed: the daughters of a laird loading a cart with manure in the morning, and re-appearing in the evening in full dress, with radiant complexions, and displaying no little wit, intelligence, and good-breeding; the principal dish in the first course of the dinner being a gigantic *haggis*, borne into the hall in a wicker basket by two half-naked Celts, while the piper strutted fiercely behind them, blowing a tempest of dissonance! Ever afterward Scott's heart and imagination were equally divided between the Border and the Perthshire Highlands. It is remarkable that the scene of almost all his Highland novels, certainly of his best ones—of "Waverley," of "Rob Roy," the "Legend of Montrose," and of the "Fair Maid of Perth" (not to speak of the "Lady of the Lake")—is laid in the Yorkshire of Scotland.

In the second year of his apprenticeship, according to Scott himself (Lockhart fixes it a little earlier), one of Scott's blood-vessels burst; and he was put on severe regimen and confined to bed, restricted, though it was in a cold spring, to a single blanket, bled, blistered, and fed on vegetables. His only resources were chess and reading. He plunged now into a wide sea of books, exhausting libraries, and driving their keepers to their wit's end to supply his cravings; passing from novels, romances, and poems to voyages and travels, and thence to histories and to memoirs, and thus preparing himself for the future exigencies of his literary life as effectually on his quiet bed, where he was not suffered to speak above his breath, as when rambling through the mountains of Perthshire with Invernahyle, or "making himself" with Shortreed among the traditionary wilds of Liddesdale. He illustrated the battles he read of by arranging shells, seeds, and pebbles to represent the movements of encountering armies, using mimic cross-bows and a small model fortress. By the assistance, too, of a combination of mirrors, he was enabled to look out upon the meadows and see the troops marching to exercise, which must have been a great relief to his weary hours. After some months he recovered, resumed his labors in the office, and bade a long farewell to disease and medicine.

In 1788 he attended the class of civil law. Here, besides his old friends Irving and Fergusson, he met with some other young men who united literary tastes with legal aspirations. In later days we have seen at the bar chiefly two classes—literary men who had no law, and plodding legalists who had no genius. Before Scott's time mere lawyers constituted almost the whole tribe. But Scott, Jeffrey, Cranstoun, and others formed a conjunction of the two characters, although, perhaps, in Jeffrey alone were they thoroughly harmonized. Scott was both a *littérateur* and a lawyer, but far more a *littérateur*; Cranstoun and Cockburn were more of the lawyer; while Jeffrey united both in nearly equal proportions, being at once sharp as the sharpest special pleader, and as acute and lively, if not as genial or profound, a critic as Britain ever produced. Along with William Clerk, of Eldin, Abercromby, and Cranstoun, Scott spent his mornings in the law class-room or in private study, his evenings in the somewhat excessive convivialities of that time, and his holidays in rambles about the surrounding country. Scott's father was rather annoyed at these escapades, although he was so glad to see him when he returned that, like Kish with Saul, he forgot the meditated rebuke. Scott's nickname among his own set was Duns Scotus, or sometimes an *alias* of his own creation, Colonel Grogg. His dress at this time was neglected. Corduroy breeches were his common attire; and when reproached with their meanness his reply was, "They be good enough for drinking in; come and let us have some oysters in the Covenant Close." These convivialities, however, were afterward relinquished. In his maturer years he was a strictly temperate man, and from grosser dissipation he was kept almost entirely free through means of a pure and passionate attachment.

In 1792 (July 11) Scott was called to the bar. He had joined previously the Speculative Society, where Jeffrey first saw him, his *chafts* (Scottice) wrapped up in a large woolen night-cap, the poet being ill of toothache, and yet able to read a paper on old ballads, which so interested Jeffrey that he got introduced to him, and they became great allies. Like most young advocates, Scott had little business at first; but he drank claret at Fortune's, and ate oysters at St. John's Coffee-house, dear to him as erst the resort of Dr. Pitcairn; read now Stair's "Decisions," and now the last new novel; and every day might be seen sweeping with his gown the boards of that Parliament House which seems the Hall of Eblis to many a weary and briefless peripatetic.

It is said that within a year or two of being called to the bar Scott had formed an attachment to a Miss Stuart, daughter of Sir John Stuart, of Fettercairn, and that, having declared his love, he received a point-blank refusal and dismissal. This is said to have occurred in October, 1796; but the wound, if ever made, could not have been very deep, for in the December following Scott married Charlotte Carpenter, a *protégée*, if not, as Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was wont to allege, the daughter, of the Marquis of Downshire. The history of Miss Carpenter's family is now so well known that without impropriety it may be shortly told here.

The Marquis of Downshire, going on his travels, had a note of introduction from Mr. Bird, Dean of Carlisle, to Monsieur Carpenter, of Paris. The unhappy result of the acquaintance was the elopement of Madame Carpenter, a very beautiful woman, with his lordship. The husband did nothing in the matter except transmitting his two children, a boy and girl, to the care of his wife, and they lived for some years under her and Lord Downshire's protection. On her death he placed the girl in a French convent for her education, and sent the boy to a lucrative situation in India, with the stipulation that £200 of his salary should go yearly to his sister. Miss Carpenter returned to London, and was placed under the charge of Miss Nicholson, a governess. The young lady formed an attachment to a young man whose addresses were not agreeable to his lordship. He sent her and her governess down to Mr. Bird's, at Carlisle, to keep her out of her lover's way. Mr. Bird had fixed previously to go to Gilsland, and he took Miss Carpenter and Miss Nicholson along with his family thither. They were placed, as usual with new-comers, at the foot of the table at the Spa; and it so happened that a young Scotch gentleman, who had arrived later that day, was placed lower still, and thus brought into immediate contact with the Bird party. Mrs. Bird inquired of him if he knew a Scotch military man of her acquaintance, Major Riddell. Scott (for it was he) knew him well. This formed instantly a link of connection, and the Birds invited him to tea with them in their own apartment; and although his horse was ordered to the door to convey him on his journey, he at once consented. He had been struck at first sight with Miss Carpenter's appearance, and resolved to prosecute the acquaintance. He remained at the Spa, and was constantly in her company. He even contrived to get himself invited to the dean's country house ere he was compelled to return to Edinburgh. In a short time he re-appeared in Mr. Bird's house, and enjoyed another fortnight of Miss Carpenter's society. His attentions became very marked, and Mrs. Bird at last wrote off to a friend in Edinburgh to make inquiries about this stranger. The answer was that he was a respectable young man, and rising at the bar. One of Scott's female acquaintances, however, perhaps chagrined at Scott's indifference to *her*, and having heard of some love adventure going on at Gilsland, wrote to Mrs. Bird, inquiring about it, and wondering "what kind of young lady it was who was to take Watty Scott." The poet soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views, and to obtain his consent to the marriage. Miss Carpenter had one substantial recommendation—she had about £400 a year in her own right; and although various opinions have been expressed as to the wisdom of Scott's choice of a wife, the carpers were those who knew her after fame and fortune had elevated the husband to a position to which neither his birth nor his professional reputation entitled him. It may be believed that Charlotte Carpenter herself did not consider that if there were condescension in the match it was on the part of the landless, briefless, and unknown advocate.

The marriage was solemnized at Carlisle on the 14th December, 1797, the happy couple having been acquainted about four months. All who knew the young wife speak of her as a very charming person, though her portrait at Abbotsford does not give much idea of her personal charms. But, says Mr. Lockhart, who had the best opportunity of knowing, "without the features of a regular beauty, she was rich in personal attractions, a form that was fashioned as light as a fairy's; a complexion of the clearest and brightest olive; eyes large, deep-set, and dazzling, of the finest Italian brown; and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the raven's wing; her address hovering between the reserve of a pretty Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society, and a certain natural archness and gayety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent. A lovelier vision, as all who remember her in the bloom of her days have assured me, could hardly have been imagined."

With his charming young wife, Scott settled at Lasswade, about seven miles from Edinburgh. Here he had a lovely and retired cottage, in a most delightful neighborhood, and was within an easy distance of Edinburgh, and his practice there as an advocate. Here he busied himself in his literary pursuits, and made those excursions into Liddesdale and Ettrick forest, and other parts of the Border country, in quest of materials for his "Border Minstrelsy," in which he found such exquisite delight. Here he found Shortreed, Hogg, Laidlaw—men all enthusiastic in the same pursuits and tastes. At this time, too, he became acquainted in Edinburgh with Leyden, also a Border man, full of ballad and poetry, and with powers as gigantic as Scott himself, though uncouth as a colt from the moors. There is nothing in any biography which strikes one so full of the enjoyment of life as Scott's *raids*, as he called them, into Liddesdale and other Border wildernesses at that period. He found every where a new country, untrodden by tourists, unknown to fame, but richly deserving of it. There was a new land discovered, full from end to end of wild scenery and strange, rude, but original character, rich in native wit, humor, and fun. Down Liddesdale there was no road; in it there was no inn. Scott's gig, on the last of seven years' *raids*, was the first wheel-carriage that ever entered it. The travelers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead. To these rambles, says Lockhart, Scott owed much of the material of his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of those unsophisticated regions which constitute the chief attraction of one of his most charming prose works. "He was *makin' himsel'* a' the time," said Mr. Shortreed, "but he didna ken, maybe, what he was aboot till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun." That overflowing enjoyment of life which so much distinguished Scott at all periods, except the short, melancholy one of his decline, now exhibited itself in all its exuberance. "Eh me!" said Mr. Shortreed; "sic an endless fund o' humor and drollery as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing, or roaring, or singing. Wherever we stopped how brawlie he suited himsel' to every body! He aye did as the lave did—never made himsel' the great man, or took ony airs i' the company." It was in one of these *raids* that they fell in with the original Dandie Dinmont.

In the last month of the century Scott was appointed sheriff deputy of Selkirkshire, with £300 a year, and little to do.

In 1804 Scott left sweet Lasswade, the home of his early wedded life, and the cradle of his nascent fame, for Ashestiel, a place that will always be dear to the lovers of poetry. With Ashestiel the associations and memories are all delightful. Scott passed there probably his serenest days. It is a place of almost entire solitude, standing by the side of a deep ravine, covered with trees, down which a brook finds its way to the Tweed, from which river the mansion is separated by a narrow strip of beautiful meadow. All around are the silent hills; not another house is in sight, and the nearest town, Selkirk, is seven miles away. "Pastoral melancholy" is the pervading feeling of the spot, although it is a melancholy more akin to joy than to sorrow, and which one would not exchange for a millennium of coarse miscalled delights. Here Scott set up for a season the staff of his rest.

When at Lasswade Scott had published some fair translations from the German, and two volumes of the "Border Minstrelsy." But his genius now winged a higher flight; the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was given to the world, and the author at once took the foremost rank among living poets.

William Pitt was so delighted with it that he determined to insure the professional advancement of the author, although eventually the promotion came from the Whig party. It is said that the great Prime Minister remarked, on one portion of the poem, "This is a sort of thing I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry." The triumphant success of the Lay decided Scott to apply himself mainly to literature, and if he had adhered strictly to this resolution it would have been better for him—better, perhaps, for the world at large. Even at this early stage of his authorship he determined to become a man of business as well as an author; and his quondam school-fellow, James Ballantyne, having left the legal profession to commence business as a printer in Edinburgh, Scott entered into a secret partnership with him, embarking in the concern almost the whole of his available capital. And thus he took the first step on a road which was destined to ingulf him in financial ruin. James Ballantyne was a man of considerable literary talents, well educated, quick, and thoroughly honest, and was to the last a trusted friend and adviser of Scott's.

Early in 1806 Scott was appointed one of the principal clerks of Session, with a salary of £800 a year. This appointment necessitated a town residence during the sittings of the court, from the 1st of May to the 12th of July, and from the 12th of November to the 12th of March, the business of the principal clerks being so arranged that Scott's attendance in court may be taken to have amounted on the average to from four to six hours daily, four times a week, during rather less than six months out of the twelve. As has been said, the appointment was actually made by a Whig administration, and great was the astonishment in the Parliament House, as the law courts in Edinburgh are called, when the Tory Scott walked to his seat as a Whig nominee. Perhaps it was owing to some appreciation of such a feeling that induced the newly made clerk to write and publish one of his most bitter political squibs, his "Health to Lord Melville," a nobleman who was then, unjustly, as Scott believed, under impeachment by the Whig government. This gave great offense to all good Whigs, but proportionally pleased the Tories, Canning writing a very complimentary letter to the author. It was one of the mistakes of Scott's life; he felt so himself very soon afterward, and made, in some measure, the *amende honorable* in the well-known lines to Fox, in "Marmion."

Archibald Constable paid Scott, in December, 1806, one thousand guineas for a poem *to be* written. This was "Marmion," which appeared, amidst a hum of general expectation, on the 23d of February, 1808. It was, of course, well received by the public, but was somewhat roughly handled by the *Edinburgh Review*.

Jeffrey (the editor of that journal) had been engaged to dine with Scott on the day the *Review* appeared; but feeling a little apprehensive of the consequences, wrote an explanatory note along with the copy of the number. Scott replied in a good spirit. Jeffrey, although with manifest reluctance, came, and the poet received him with his usual bland courtesy. But conceive the critic's feelings when, as he was leaving, the hostess of the house said, "Well, good-night, Mr. Jeffrey; dey tell me you have abused Scott in the *Review*, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you very well for writing it." She never spoke to him again.

Jeffrey's critique produced important consequences. It cut, although at first silently, the tie between Scott and the *Edinburgh Review*, to which he had been a pretty regular contributor since its start, in 1802, and combined, along with circumstances of a later date, to cool the poet with Constable. It is certainly odd that this shrewd man of business, proprietor and publisher of the *Review*, should have allowed "Marmion," one of his own books, to be so attacked. Shortly after the appearance of the *Review* Scott was doing all in his power to establish, in London, the *Quarterly Review* as a counterweight to the *Edinburgh*, both in literary criticism and in politics, a project in which, ere the end of the year, he was successful.

Toward the close of this year (1808) the breach between Constable and Scott widened to its utmost. It was precipitated by the appearance, in the twenty-sixth number of the *Edinburgh Review*, of an article on "Don Pedro Cevallos." This paper was written by Lord Brougham, and forms, perhaps, the best specimen extant of his style, which had not then got so involved, parenthetical and cumbrous as it became afterward. It is a most powerful and eloquent diatribe, and fell like a bombshell in the Tory camp. It irritated Scott's political prejudices, and he, in common with many of the Edinburgh citizens, withdrew their subscriptions. (In Constable's list of subscribers to the *Edinburgh Review* there appears, opposite Scott's name, an indignant dash of Constable's pen—"Stopt!!!") He set himself immediately to take vengeance on his adversaries: first, by establishing John Ballantyne as a publisher in opposition to Constable; and secondly, by completing the arrangements for the *Quarterly Review*. In the former he, after a season, failed, but in the latter he succeeded. The *Quarterly Review* soon came out, under Gifford, in great force.

In 1809 he was busy writing the "Lady of the Lake," which was published in the following year. It appeared early in May. 1810 was one of Scott's brightest years. The "Lady of the Lake" was received with boundless enthusiasm. The critics and the public were, for once, of the same opinion. On all the roads leading to the Trosachs was suddenly heard the rushing of many horses and chariots. Old inns were crowded to suffocation; bad dinners and breakfasts, and enormous charges, were endured with exemplary patience; and new inns sprang up like mushrooms. Post-hire permanently rose. Every corner of that fine gorge was explored, and every foot of that beautiful loch was traversed, by travelers carrying copies of the book in their hands; and, as they sailed toward Glengyle, or climbed the gray scalp of Ben Au, or sat in the shady hollow of Coir-nau-Uriskin, or leaned over the still waters of Loch Achray, repeating passages from it with unfeigned rapture. It was as if a ray from another sphere had fallen on and revealed a nook of matchless loveliness, and all rejoiced in the gleam and its revelation.

Scott was now at the height of his poetical fame. His income, although not large, was ample. His country home at Ashestiel was a shrine to which pilgrims from all countries came to worship; he was in the enjoyment of good health, was happy with his little Frenchified wife, and surrounded by four good-humored *bairns*. At home Scott was not only happy himself, but a spring of pleasure to all who knew him. No one worked harder, no one enjoyed life more. This is almost always the case; even the galley-slave is in heaven compared to the idle man; his labor by practice becomes light, his moments of leisure are divine, and his sleep is Elysium. We are never weary of seeing Scott, as Lockhart describes him, having finished his task in the morning, coming down stairs rubbing his hands for glee; and having laid in the amplest stores a Scotch breakfast-table could supply, sallying forth to his well-won recreation—his walk with "Camp" or "Maida," his gallop o'er the hills, or his picnic party with friends to Melrose, Cauldshields Loch, or his old haunt of Smailholm Tower. This was while he spent his vacations in the country; but scarcely less delightful were his dinner-parties or evening reunions in Castle Street, when, surrounded by his family and selected friends, he poured out the full riches of his knowledge, of his sense, of his fun, of his feeling; at one time repeating poetry, such as Wordsworth's "Kilchurn Castle," "with a trumpet voice, while his gray eyes now glowed and now gloomed, and alternate fires and clouds seemed to flicker and float over that pile of forehead;" and anon telling ludicrous stories, "while his lungs did crow like chanticleer, his syllables in the struggle growing more emphatic, his accent more strongly Scotch, and his voice *plaintive with excess of merriment*." Some consequential people thought his conversation not very logical or consecutive; but Henry Cockburn rebuked them by saying, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but Scott's *sense* has always appeared to me more wonderful than even his genius."

His dinner-table was, on the whole, a catholic one, "Tullochgorum" being then and there his gathering march. Jeffrey came to it, with his sharp features, dark, flashing eyes, *frightened*-seeming hair, and brisk, melodious, endless talk; Cockburn, with his beautiful oval face and rich Scotch brogue; Constable, with his distinguished bearing and smiling eye; James Ballantyne, with his *ore rotundo*, black beard, bull neck, turned-up upper lip, and great gloating eyes; John, his brother, with his theatrical airs, frowns, starts, twistings of features, and floods of merriment; Washington Irving, with his mild, dreaming countenance; James Hogg, with his Calibanic manners, strong shepherd sense, grotesque humor, and inordinate self-esteem, calling, as the cups circulated, his host "Watty" and his hostess "Charlotte" till both screamed with laughter; and latterly Lockhart, with his fine Italian features, haughty sneer, high, thin, shrill, scornful laugh, and keen, cutting, sententious conversation; and Professor Wilson, with his "storm of golden hair," glowing cheek, stately stature, wild, tameless eye, and talk wilder and more tameless still.

It has been said that Scott worked hard, and this statement will not be questioned by those who read the list of works which he prepared or edited before the success of "Waverley" induced him to turn his attention almost exclusively to the writing of novels. It is not necessary to give the list here; indeed, it would occupy too much space. It may be, however, said that in one year, 1808, he edited five works of no small importance: an edition of Dryden, in eighteen octavo volumes; "Queenhoo Hall," an unfinished romance of Strutt's; Carleton's "Memoirs of the War of the Spanish Succession;" "Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth," besides concluding his labors on Sadler's "State Papers," and commencing his edition of Swift—works enough for one man, surely. It is not to be wondered at that Scott, chafing against the bitter Whigism of the *Edinburgh Review*, and hurt by some unkind remarks of Mr. Hunter, Constable's then partner, should have conceived the idea that, as he was *sub rosa* his own printer, he might become likewise his own publisher, and thus punish what he believed to be the arrogant assumption of the house of Constable & Co. In this scheme he found an ardent abettor in John Ballantyne, a brother of his partner, the printer.

John Ballantyne was a man of considerable capacity—a quick, active, intrepid man, ready and willing to undertake any enterprise, however unfitted by knowledge or experience to conduct it. He believed that he was able to cope with Constable, Murray, or any other publisher who had been trained to the business, and so embraced with all alacrity the proposal that he should start as a publisher in avowed opposition to Constable & Co. The existing bond of copartnership is dated July, 1809, by which deed Scott bound himself as one-third partner, James Ballantyne also having a share, in the firm of John Ballantyne & Co., booksellers, Edinburgh. Scott's career as a publisher was but short, as might have been expected, and in 1816 the firm sold out to Constable & Co., and, as Lockhart states, in the bargain the latter firm was worsted to the extent of £5000 sterling. Referring to Scott's book-selling experience, James Ballantyne sums up the case, in a paper prepared on his death-bed, in these words: "My brother, though an active and pushing, was not a cautious bookseller, and the large sums received never formed an addition to stock. In fact, *they were all expended by the partners*, who, being then young and sanguine men, not unwillingly adopted my brother's hasty results."

At the very time Scott was thus hampered by his trade connection he made the first purchase of land, which eventually became, with many additions thereto, the domain of Abbotsford. The amount thus invested was £4000, principally borrowed money. Just now, also, he received the offer of the poet-laureateship, which Scott was inclined to accept for the sake of the £300 to £400 per annum attached to the office; but having applied to the Duke of Buccleuch for advice on the subject, in a letter in which also he requested his Grace's indorsement to the amount of £4000, he, in accepting the favor, was bound to follow the advice, which was unhesitatingly to refuse it. Accordingly Robert Southey, who certainly needed the paltry salary more than Scott, was gazetted poet laureate.

At this period Scott's fixed income, apart from any profits he may have derived from his partnership in the printing-house of Ballantyne & Co., was £2100 sterling per annum—quite equal to £5000 at the present time. And here it may be well to pause in the narrative, in order to give a sketch of the "Magician's" personal appearance at this time, the heyday of his life; for, though doubtless the appearance of "Waverley" and its marvelous successors added greatly to Scott's fame, the worry and anxiety consequent to the mania for building and land acquirement, and the extravagant hospitality of the *novelist*, soon told on the robust frame and hardy constitution of the *poet*. Miss Seward, in a letter to Cary, the translator of Dante, gives a very interesting picture of her friend Scott. "On Friday last," she says, "the poetically great Walter Scott came like a sunbeam to my dwelling. This proudest boast of the Caledonian muse is tall, and rather robust than slender, but lame in the same manner as Mr. Hayley, and in a greater measure. Neither the contour of his face nor yet his features are elegant; his complexion is healthy and somewhat fair, without bloom. We find the singularity of brown hair and eyelashes with flaxen eyebrows, and a countenance open, ingenuous, and benevolent. When seriously conversing or earnestly attentive, though his eyes are of a lightish gray, deep thought is on their lids; he contracts his brow, and the rays of genius gleam aslant from the orbs beneath. An upper lip too long prevents his mouth from being decidedly handsome, but the sweetest emanations of temper and art play about it when he talks cheerfully or smiles; and in company he is much oftener gay than contemplative. His conversation an overflowing fountain of brilliant wit, apposite allusion, and playful archness, while on serious themes it is nervous and eloquent, the accent decidedly Scotch, yet by no means broad. On the whole, no expectation is disappointed which his poetry must excite in all who feel the power and graces of human inspiration."

And now being settled in his new home of Abbotsford, at that time only a small cottage, but which he frequently expressed himself satisfied to retire to for the rest of his life, secure from "the bustle, care, and fever strife," he was to enter upon a new sphere of labor, the results of which were vaster and more enduring than even he, sanguine man as he was, could ever have dreamed of. "Waverley" was published in July, 1814. The first portion of the novel had been written some years before, but as it had been unhesitatingly condemned by James Ballantyne and another friend to whom it had been shown, Scott had thrown it aside as valueless. Looking, as he describes himself, one day into an old cabinet in search of some fishing-tackle, he happened to light upon the old fragment of "Waverley." He read it over again, thought it had been underrated, and resolved to continue the story. He did so, and then offered it to Constable, with whom friendly relations had now been re-established. It was, as has been said, with considerable misgivings as to its success that the novel was brought out by Constable & Co. But never was success more sudden and complete.

In less than a year, namely, in February, 1815, "Guy Mannering" followed "Waverley." It is stated on good authority that the second work was written in *six weeks*, while the author was at Abbotsford *refreshing the machine!* The reception of "Guy Mannering" was as rapturous as that of "Waverley," perhaps more so, and there was no longer any doubt of the golden lode which was opened to author and publisher. Then Scott visited London, dined with the Prince Regent, and was the lion of the season, although his connection with "Waverley" was entirely unsuspected. While the allies occupied Paris, Scott paid that city a short visit, and appears to have been so intoxicated with all he saw that his powers as a writer signally failed him in his poem on "Waterloo," which appeared in October. It is somewhat strange that as he achieved success in prose he began to show signs of decay as a poet. His "Lord of the Isles," published this same year, 1815, turned out a disappointment. It read more like an imitation of Scott by an inferior hand than a new work of the author.

It seems incomprehensible that the authorship of these novels should have been kept secret so long. Edinburgh was not a large city, and being peopled by Scotchmen, next to the true Yankee the most inquisitive and inquisitorial race on the face of the earth, the income and resources of a prominent man like Scott must have been pretty well known. Where did the sums come from which, year after year, paid for more land at Abbotsford? whence the income that maintained the princely hospitality of the poet's home? Yet, without doubt, the secret was well kept. John Ballantyne ("*Rigdum Funnidos*," as Scott playfully called him) was the medium of communication between the novelist and the publishers other than Constable, a choice of agents which Lockhart, his son-in-law and biographer, appears to think very unfortunate for Scott. Ballantyne had his own axe to grind, and was always jealous of the influence of Constable, who looked down with quiet scorn upon the mercurial little man as an interloper in the trade, but who, nevertheless, induced Scott to place the first series of the "Tales of my Landlord" in the hands of John Murray and his Edinburgh agent, William Blackwood. It is evident from his letters that, while the negotiations for this change of publishers were in progress, Scott himself had serious misgivings as to the wisdom of the course his partner was pursuing; and Blackwood, being kept in total ignorance of the author of the work he was about to publish, and, moreover, being a plain, blunt man of business, deeply offended Scott by some strictures—and very just they were—on the conclusion of the "Black Dwarf," concluding his letter to John Ballantyne with the suggestion of an outline of what would, in *his* judgment, be a better upwinding of the plot. This letter appears to have been sent to Scott by James Ballantyne, for to the printer was this sharp rejoinder addressed:

> "DEAR JAMES,—I have received Blackwood's impudent letter. G— d— his soul! Tell him and his coadjutor that I belong to the Black Hussars of literature, who neither give nor receive criticism. I'll be cursed but this is the most impudent proposal that ever was made.
> W. S."

Only one edition of the Tales was published by Murray & Blackwood, Scott finding it expedient to return to Archibald Constable & Co. as his publishers, who so continued until the crash of 1826, followed by the death of the senior partner in 1827, after which the author's works were given to the world by the surviving partner, Robert Cadell, son-in-law of the great bibliopole.

"Old Mortality" brought a storm about the author's ears of which he had probably little dreamed. He was accused of defaming and libeling the Covenanters. This was high treason to the mass of Scottish Presbyterians, who, taught and trained in unbounded reverence for their forefathers, were prepared to fasten on every word and syllable that told against them—to find the blame outrageous and the praise null. Dr. M'Crie attacked the author in no measured terms in the Edinburgh *Christian Instructor*, and Scott rejoined in an article in the *Quarterly*, more fully answering the charges against him in the preface attached to the edition of his works published in 1830. As a proof of the strong feeling which existed against the tone of this novel, it may be mentioned that M'Crie's strictures were issued in 1846, under the patronage of the General Assembly of the Free Church, fourteen years after the author had been laid in his honored grave. That Scott did not intentionally offend religious prejudices may well be believed, but the compiler of this short sketch is able to give an extract of an unpublished letter of Scott's in his possession which shows with what tenderness the author of "Old Mortality" regarded the feelings of others. The letter is addressed to Constable, evidently in reply to some suggestion from the latter as to the plot of a novel to be laid in Cromwell's time, and is as follows:

> "ABBOTSFORD, *July* 25, 1820.
>
> "There is one great objection to the time of Charles I., and that is that the Puritans would be nothing without the Scriptural language; and, though I despise the cant and hypocrisy of those who state this as a matter of heinous offense, yet I would not wish to offend any good soul who had a real scruple on this head. Besides, the wit has been [*word illegible*] and so much imitated, although in a very poor way, that I have doubts if it has now novelty sufficient to render it easy. We will think of all this."

In the year 1817 Scott, who had been since boyhood singularly free from illness, was attacked with a painful disease of the stomach, which at times incapacitated him for work of any kind. Nevertheless he brought out "Rob Roy," one of the most popular of his novels. The title was the happy thought of his publisher, for the author had intended calling it "The Clachan of Aberfoyle." This was the first of his works on which he appears to have employed an amanuensis. William Laidlaw took down the most of it from his lips. On one occasion James Ballantyne, calling on him for copy, found him sitting with a clean pen and a blank sheet of paper before him. He expressed his surprise. "Ay, ay, Jemmy," replied Scott, "it is easy for you to tell me to get on; but how the mischief can I make Rob Roy's wife speak with such a curmurring in my guts?"

During all the close of 1818 and the beginning of 1819 he continued to be assaulted by cramp, and was reduced to a skeleton. His hair became white as snow, his cheek faded, and the last days of the "Last Minstrel" seemed to have come. He labored on, however, dictating (often interrupted by shouts of agony) "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Legend of Montrose," and the greater part of "Ivanhoe." His disease at last yielded to small doses of calomel. It is not necessary to further name the novels as they successively appeared.

Early in 1820 George IV. created Scott a Baronet of the United Kingdom, and, after a brief visit to London, during which he had an audience of the king, and kissed hands on his promotion, he returned to Edinburgh to be present at the marriage of his elder daughter, Sophia, to John Gibson Lockhart. The novelist had in all four children—two boys and two girls. Charlotte Sophia—Mrs. Lockhart—was born in 1799, and is believed to have been the best of the family, the most like her father—was his special favorite, and devoted to him, amiable, full of gentle enthusiasm, and a beautiful singer of old Scottish songs and Border ballads. Walter was the second child, and heir to the baronetcy conferred upon his father just after his being gazetted cornet in a crack hussar regiment. He was a fine-looking young man, but the intellect of the sire was wholly wanting in him. He married a Miss Jobson, the heiress of Lodore, but had no issue. He continued in the army until his death, which occurred on his return from India, where he had served many years, without any distinction, in command of the Fifteenth Lancers. The title, so dearly prized by his father, died with him; for his brother Charles, brought up to a diplomatic career, had died previously, unmarried and childless.—Ann, the second daughter, was the wag of the family, with a tart, sardonic humor, which repelled rather than attracted. She died unmarried.

Lockhart was a most ungenial man. How Sophia Scott ever came to love him puzzled all her friends. He was a man of undoubted ability, of varied and catholic culture, but there was a cross-grained element in his nature. He was never pleased; his humor was coarse, and spoiled with personalities. Of his marriage with Miss Scott three children were the fruit: John Hugh Lockhart, the Hugh Littlejohn of the "Tales of my Grandfather," who died in boyhood; a daughter, Janet; and another son, who proved a sore trial to his parents, and died without issue—the sole heir of the family which the Wizard fought so long and manfully to found being a girl, who married Mr. Hope, an eminent and wealthy English barrister, a Roman Catholic. Mrs. Hope died young, leaving again only a daughter, the present Miss Hope Scott of Abbotsford, her father having assumed the name and arms of Scott by royal sign-manual.

In June, 1821, died Scott's old and most devoted friend, John Ballantyne, after a long and lingering illness. While committing poor *Rigdum Funnidos's* remains to the Calton burying-ground, the heavens, which had been dark, cleared up, and the mid-day sun shone forth. Scott glanced his eye above the gleaming Calton Hill, and then turning to the grave, said, in a whisper, to Lockhart, "I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth." Garrick's death is said to have eclipsed the gayety of nations. Ballantyne's, in shading that of Scott, shaded that of Scotland and the world.

On the 19th of July he was again in London, present at what one calls the "contemptible mummery of a coronation," never so contemptible in the eyes of the public as when George IV. was the king crowned, although to Scott it seemed a personal triumph. He met, indeed, there with what was equivalent. Returning home on foot after the banquet, he got locked in the crowd about three in the morning, and his friend with him became apprehensive of some accident to his lame limb. Scott, observing an open space in the middle of the street, asked a sergeant of the Scots Grays on guard to allow him to pass. He replied it was impossible; his orders were strict. At this moment a wild wave of the multitude came rolling behind, and his companion exclaimed, "Sir Walter Scott, take care!" The soldier cried out, "What! Sir Walter Scott! *He* shall pass, at all events. Make room for our illustrious countryman!" And amidst shouts of "Walter Scott, God bless him!" he gained the place of safety. In this instance Scott's fame stood him in good stead; but it was not always so, for he was pestered with letters from all quarters of the world asking advice or seeking pecuniary assistance. An amusing instance is told of an American lady who sent the author of "Waverley" a manuscript novel through the mail when postage was ruinously high. Scott had to pay some twenty-five dollars for the favor, and had scarcely recovered from his very natural feelings of annoyance when he was astounded by a duplicate of the work entailing the same expenditure, "for fear the original might miscarry." Scott was the most kind and indulgent of critics, and often persuaded Constable to undertake works which otherwise he would not have touched. The publisher used to say "he liked Scott's ain bairns, but not those of his fostering."

The following year George IV. paid a visit to Edinburgh, and Scott for a time was in his glory. He was the first to welcome the gouty old debauchee to his northern kingdom, and was received most cordially by the king. He was the foremost man in all the grand doings, but his loyalty was sorely tried before the visit concluded: the selfish, almost brutal nature of the royal roué was too apparent, and it greatly grieved and mortified Scott. It is said, and probably with truth, that Scott's devotion was not appreciated, and that the king spoke of him and his everlasting clans and tartans as a bore. At any rate, Scott's exertions on this occasion nearly cost him his life, and but for the safety-valve of a prickly eruption he would have fallen a victim to his sincere but short-sighted loyalty. All this time he was buying and building at Abbotsford, maintaining a household fit for a duke. His hospitality was unbounded; people from every quarter, from almost every corner of the globe, came to visit him; from royal dukes and serene mightinesses to the needy Grub Street poet—all who imagined they had a right to know the Scottish bard presented themselves at the gates of Abbotsford, always welcomed to a house crowded from cellar to garret, the overflowings being sent to lodge at the village inn, the expense defrayed by the great man.

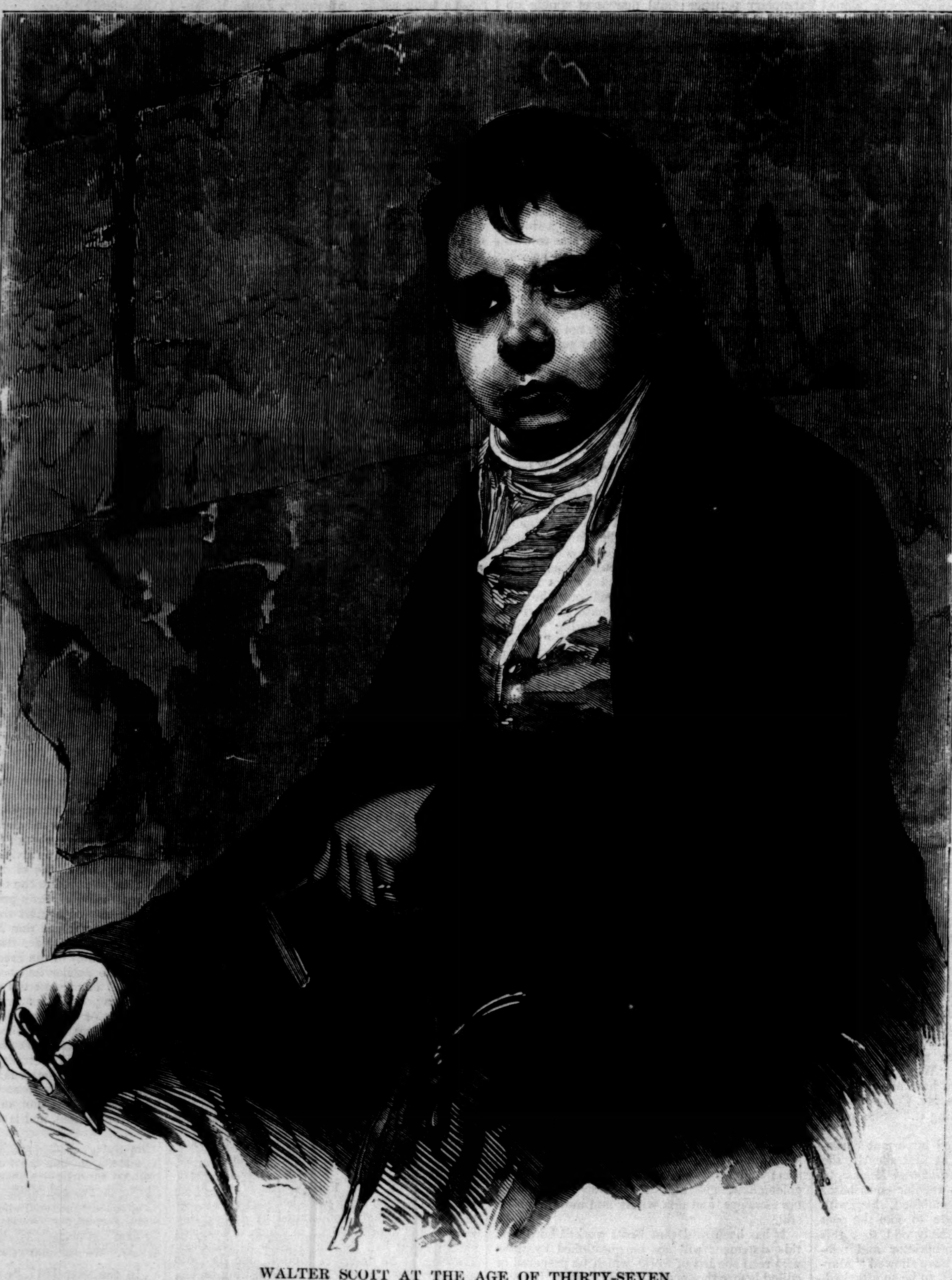
Among Scott's odd extravagances may be mentioned the services of a bagpiper, who strutted up and down the broad terrace in full Highland costume, blowing this most hideous of all substitutes for music. The bagpipes is a Highland instrument, and may do very well for mountain, stream, or glen, but must surely have been as much out of place at the entertainments of a Border laird as would have been an Indian tom-tom. This piper, however, was only one of a hundred extravagances which Scott's feudal tastes led him into. In every conceivable way he spent money with a lavishness truly surprising.

The hereditary fortune of a nobleman of the first rank would hardly have sufficed for such extensive prodigality. Scott's fortune was all of his own making, and his yearly income was the result of the perpetual labors of his pen. As might be expected, the time came when the great fabric which that wizard's pen had reared collapsed, and his apparent prosperity, ruined by his own indiscretion, passed away, like a gorgeous vision of poesy, to return no more. As in the case of most misfortunes, public or private, events cast portentous shadows across his path long ere the time of trouble burst upon him with storm-like fury. There were to acute observers many signs of the approaching crisis months before Scott himself seems to have had any serious thought of the whirlpool in which he was entangled. The book-selling concern had failed utterly; his transactions with Constable & Co. were of an altogether unsatisfactory nature; heavy bills were floating in the money market which he had no means of taking up; while probably from the rapidity with which his works followed each other, their sales (upon which all depended) had sensibly diminished. At the same time the commercial crisis occurred, in which not only merchants and bankers trembled, but the credit of the Bank of England itself was shaken. The crash at last came, and the prosperity of the great poet was swept away in the general ruin. It is not necessary here to enter into particulars of that great failure, which at the time excited so much sympathy, which was universally extended to the fallen poet.

Scott had been in the habit of receiving from Constable & Co. very large sums, not as payment only for novels already published, but for others of which he had not yet written a line; and but for these supplies it would have been impossible for him to have carried out his building schemes, or to have continued his lavish expenditure. For this purpose recourse was had to accommodation bills to an almost fabulous amount; and these bills, added to the heavy losses of the firm, which were to a great extent brought about by Scott's imprudent meddling with business matters, resulted in a crash, in which the fortunes of both author and publisher alike perished; and although it may elicit wonder that a man like Scott, who possessed so fully all the proverbial shrewdness of his countrymen, should be led into such extravagance and want of common foresight, it can not possibly astonish any one that such folly should result in utter ruin, or that our author should find himself a debtor to the amount of £120,000, besides personal liabilities to the extent of £10,000.

Scott may be censured for his singular imprudence, but who can fail to pity him when, after so singular a course of prosperity, all his hopes were dashed to the ground, and nothing left him but insubstantial fame? For years the greatest poet and the greatest prose writer of his age; for years the cynosure of the civilized world, the lion of the world of letters; for years the correspondent and friend of the great and the intellectual, having just gained the great ambition of his heart, a hereditary title which he hoped to leave to his posterity, with his fair fame and with the lands which he had so wonderfully won by the genius of his pen—how terrible must have been his feelings when he found that all was lost, and how bitterly must he have felt when, on that cold January night when the news came, he said to his friend Mr. Skene, "My friend, give me a grasp of your hand: mine is that of a beggar!"

But despite his imprudence Scott was a man of action; the vastness of his difficulties did not sink him in despair—he faced his troubles like a man. Instead of declaring himself bankrupt, as he might have done, he said, "My own right hand shall pay my debts!" and in the endeavor to carry out this honorable resolution he not only spent the sad remainder of his life, but doubtless considerably shortened that life. By declaring

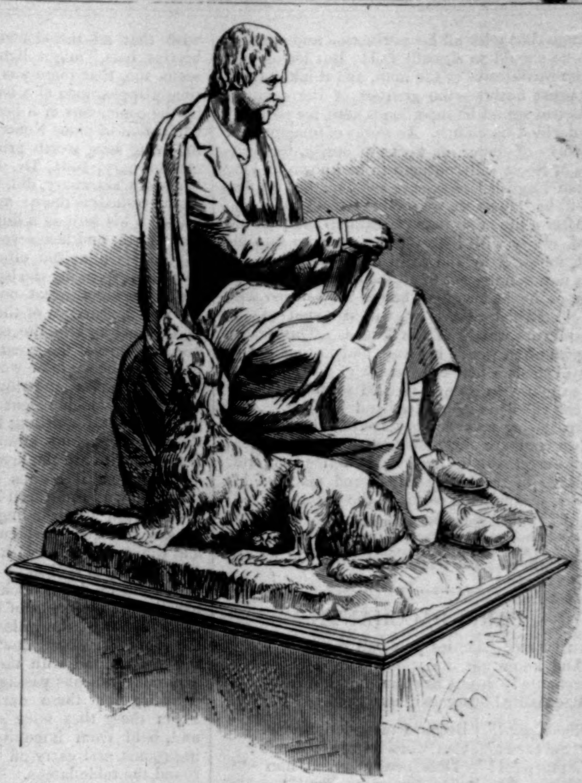


WALTER SCOTT AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SEVEN.
[FROM A PICTURE BY RAEBURN, PAINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.]

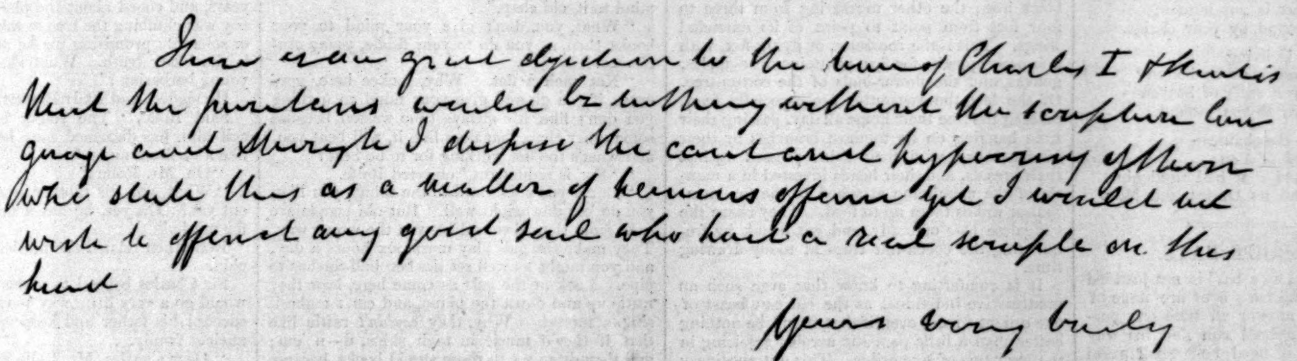
himself bankrupt he might not only have started afresh, unshackled by debt, but also, as events have proved, have amassed anew a very respectable fortune. On the other hand, though he might hope to realize many thousands by every novel which he produced, the liquidation of so large a sum as that for which he was liable must almost have appeared beyond the limits of the most sanguine expectation. But Scott, whose desire was to leave to his children not only hereditary title and estate but an untarnished name, could not bear that a shadow should rest upon his memory. Great as was the shock, both mentally and physically, he appeared to derive strength from the very greatness of his calamities; he gave up his town residence, made over his effects at Abbotsford to his creditors, retrenched his expenditure in every way, and set himself diligently to repair his fallen fortunes.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come alone. The same year which witnessed the ruin of Scott's worldly prosperity deprived him of his loved and loving wife. This must have been to him the saddest blow of all, for notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, his diary and letters fully prove the affection which he entertained for his lost Charlotte, and very mournfully he laments over the loneliness of his "widowed couch." But amidst these severe trials, with a determination truly heroic, he applied himself with greater earnestness to what he now considered the great labor of his life. At this time it was formally announced to the world that Scott was the author—the *sole* author—of the Waverley Novels. This announcement was necessitated by the winding up of the affairs of Constable & Co., and the arrangements which Scott at that time made with his creditors; but the world, which had long since made up its mind as to the identity of "The Great Unknown," only received the acknowledgment as a confirmation of a preconceived opinion. The novels still continued to be published as "by the Author of Waverley."

After the fatal year 1826 the life of the great poet may be described as the dark and mournful closing of a once glorious and successful day. A few short years of painful labor; a few short years of sorrow, weakness, and disease; a few short years of noble contest against adversity; and then at last the flickering taper of life died out, and the curtain fell upon the life drama of one of Scotland's most gifted sons. True, sometimes, as in the fair eventide of the natural day, there were in his last years beaming here and there faint gleams of light, as when he gave to the world his unsatisfactory but successful "Life of Napoleon;" or when he triumphantly witnessed the better half of his liabilities discharged, and his creditors testified their sense of his honorable conduct by presenting him with his library and museum at Abbotsford; or when he obtained, both in his own country and during his two visits to the Continent, triumphant acknowledgment of the power of his genius. But, taking all in all, his last few years were but days of sorrow. His fame was destined to live forever, but his earthly glory had departed, never more to return. Let us gently and with tender kindness draw the veil of oblivion over the last mournful days of the poet's life.



STATUE OF SCOTT, BY STEEL, IN THE MONUMENT AT EDINBURGH.

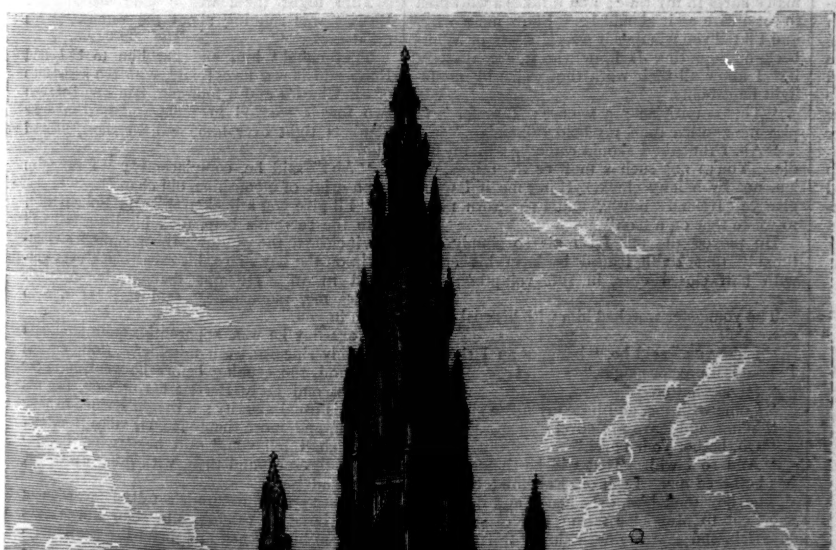


There was great objection to the time of Charles I & truth is that the puritans would be nothing without the scripture language and strength I despise the cant and hypocrisy of those who state this as a matter of heinous offence yet I would not wish to offend any good soul who had a real scruple on this head

Yours very truly

Walter Scott

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO CONSTABLE THE PUBLISHER, DATED ABBOTSFORD, JULY 25, 1820.



THE SCOTT MONUMENT IN EDINBURGH, ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS.

The troubles which necessitated the extraordinary efforts of his later years no doubt were the original cause of the disease of which Scott died—softening of the brain. It is, in fact, almost needless to mention this, as his works themselves up to that time afford abundant evidence of the vigor of his mind. But when, instead of quiet morning application to a task which to him was pleasure, the production of his works became a real labor; when he sat the whole day long with pen in hand, anxious by application to drown thought; when all his friends saw the change that had taken place in him, and could little recognize in the white-headed, bowed, and weary-looking old man the bright and genial Walter Scott of days of yore—then it was that in his works themselves incipient traces might be found of his mental affliction. His characters (with few exceptions) were no longer drawn with their former vivid boldness, and although his great mind was still unsubdued, and lighted up even his latest efforts with rays of genius beyond the power of any of his contemporaries, yet the productions subsequent to the ruin of his fortunes do not possess the grasp and power of his earlier works. Weaker and weaker the worn-out poet became. His friends, who gathered around him, saw that the end was not far distant. Scott himself was aware of the fact, nay, even prayed for it, dreading lest, like Swift, his life might be prolonged after memory and reason had fled. It was determined that he should spend the winter (destined to be his last) in Italy. His friend Basil Hall heard of the proposition, and wrote to Sir James Grahame suggesting that the government should place a frigate at his disposal for his voyage in the Mediterranean. Sir James at once consented, and Scott appears to have been much gratified by what may be termed a national tribute of respect; for this was the first time that such honors had ever been paid to a subject. Scott's working days may now be said to have ended. Toward the close of September he set out for London, then agitated by the rejection of the Reform Bill. But such topics had now but little hold upon the mind of the dying bard, who himself refused to believe the flattering hopes of recovery which the physicians represented as possible if he could cease a while from toil. A month later he sailed from Portsmouth. The frigate in which the voyage was accomplished cruised in the Mediterranean, and visited Gibraltar, Malta, Naples, and other celebrated places.

After a short sojourn in Naples Scott set out upon a tour through Italy, and made excursions in various parts of that classic peninsula, wandering among the ruins of Pompeii, where he murmured, mournfully and ominously, as he gazed around, "The city of the dead! the city of the dead!" After many wanderings he prepared to travel homeward. On the way he heard with surprise and sorrow of the death of Goethe, and exclaimed, "Alas for Goethe! but he at least died at home. Let us to Abbotsford!" By this time his son Charles had joined him, and was with him as he passed through Rome. He did not stay long in the Eternal City, although he appears to have been much pleased with his reception there, and the kindness which he universally experienced. He again set out early in May, his whole soul appearing to be bent upon reaching his beloved native land to die there; and on the 13th of June arrived again in London, sinking rapidly beneath a combination of paralysis and apoplexy, induced by the disease which proved fatal to him. Many of his friends visited him in the metropolis, but he could no longer converse with them. His children he recognized, and blessed in mournful silence. Daily messages of inquiry came from the court and from the noblest in the land respecting his health, and the best-skilled physicians attended him; but neither royal favor nor the skill of the physician could now avail him aught. Those whom he loved could only pray that his weary soul might pass away in peace. They knew his wish to die at Abbotsford, and thither they bore him in an almost unconscious state. He remained torpid until descending the valley of the Gala, when he raised his head and began, like a man waking from a dream, to gaze about him. Suddenly he murmured, "Gala Water, surely, Buckholm, Torwoodlee." When he saw the Eildons he became greatly excited; and when, turning on his couch, he caught a glimpse of Abbotsford, he uttered a cry of delight, and could hardly be kept in the carriage. His excitement continued ungovernable till he reached the threshold of the door. Laidlaw was in waiting, and assisted in carrying him to the dining-room. Here he sat bewildered for a few minutes, when, resting his eye on his old friend, he said, "Ha! Willie Laidlaw, how often, man, have I thought of you!" By this time his dogs assembled around his chair. They fawned on him and licked his hands. He now sobbed and now smiled, till exhausted nature laid him asleep in his own Abbotsford. A few more days were passed in painful watching—waiting for the end. Sometimes his mind would wander to by-gone scenes; sometimes he would listen devoutly to the hopes of a more glorious future depicted in what he once called the "one book of our faith;" at other times he would murmur scraps from ancient litanies—the *Dies Iræ* or *Stabat Mater*. Thus slowly he sank to rest. On the morning of the 17th September he awoke from a troubled dream, but perfectly conscious. He sent in haste for Lockhart, and when he came said to him: "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous, be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and Lockhart said, "Shall I send for Sophia or Anne?" "No," he replied; "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all." After thus saying he fell into a deep sleep, and seemed scarcely again conscious except on the arrival of his sons, who were now both summoned in haste to see the close. This came about half past one P.M. on the 21st September, when in the presence of all his children—the sun of autumn shining softly in at the open window, and the Tweed uttering its silver monody as it crept along—the spirit of the great poet left its earthly tabernacle. His eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

Poor Scott! Even now, when for nearly forty years he has been slumbering in the ancient Abbey which in life he loved so well, it is hardly possible to think of his strange, romantic life and of his lovely death without a tear. Some authors we almost ignore, although their works are familiar; but in the case of Scott the man can not be disassociated from his works. At the mention of "Waverley" or the "Lay" the mind recalls not only the poem or the novel, but the great magician who called into being those enchanting works. And yet Scott, true poet as he was, was a thorough man of the world. He had none of the slovenly ways of many writers; in money matters he was shrewdly alive to his own interests: witness the fact that in lending money for a certain business transaction in the early part of his career he asked and obtained fifteen per cent. interest; and he himself frankly allows the value which he set on money in enabling him to carry out his plans. From all his works he must have obtained during his lifetime the enormous sum of nearly two millions and a half of dollars. Thus we can see that with ordinary prudence he might easily have carried out his darling scheme of founding a family and perpetuating his name, Strange that with all his perception and shrewdness he should so signally fail! But let us pass by the weaknesses of the man, and think only of the great author—the greatest of the century. Criticism would be superfluous now, for posterity has decided his claims. As works of imagination, as works of genius, as works of *purity*, the writings of Scott will continue to be known as long as the English language is spoken: but we fear it will be "long ere we see his like again."

After a life of strange vicissitudes the poor old bard, weary with life's journey, entered into his rest, followed by the tears and sympathies not of a nation only, but of all the world. They laid him, as he had wished, beside his beloved wife in old Dryburgh Abbey, within sound of the murmuring waters of the Tweed. Thither the pilgrim often wends his way, and in that lonely chapel sheds a tear over one who has lightened up so many smiles and pleased so many fancies by the effusions of his lyre and his pen. And there, gazing upon his last resting-place, one is apt to compare the lonely crypt with the great trophy erected to his fame in his native city, and, thinking of the lonely but sacred place of his repose, murmur the words of the poet:

> "A quiet home from the noonday glare
> And the breath of the wintry blast:
> Didst thou toil through the days of thy silvery hair
> To win thee but this at last?"

PARIS BACCHANTE.

MAGDALENE of cities you call me,
And know not the wine in my blood—
Bacchante! Nor Christian, nor human—
Bacchante! Nor evil nor good.

"Repentant?" Because men desired me.
"Sobered?" Can wine be made drunk?
"Remorseful?" Does ocean lament him
That a ship in his bosom has sunk?

Bacchante, I tell you, not Woman;
It is ichor, not blood, in my veins;
The Brute-god at least is not human,
Nor I, his child, bound by your chains.

"Duty?" My duty is living.
"Right?" Can immortals be bound?
These rules are for you serfs of heaven—
For you who return to the ground.

For me, I am Paris Bacchante—
Paris, the late child of Pan;
Left behind in a world that had tired him
With its Faiths, and its Duties, and Man.

GOSSIP ABOUT BATS.

THE phrase "Blind as a bat" is not justified by facts. It is true the bat's eyes are none of the largest, but they answer all necessary purposes. Besides, the animal can find his way about without them, if need be. Spallanzani proved, by a series of cruel experiments with blinded bats, that they would fly round a room and out at the door without coming in contact with any thing, and pass between threads without touching them, though the width between was barely sufficient to admit their expanded wings. This faculty Cuvier attributes to the whole surface of the flying membranes being endowed with such extraordinary sensibility as to form a continuous organ of touch. Mr. Cornish made some curious experiments upon torpid bats. Upon applying a thermometer to one it stood at thirty-six degrees, while he found the heart beat just once a second. Upon its being awakened, so that it could just fly about, the pulsations of the heart increased to a hundred per minute, while the heat of the body only rose two degrees. In their torpid state bats lose from five to seven grains in weight in a fortnight. They do not travel well in this condition; for, when a dozen were sent from Devonshire to London not one survived the journey, although they exhibited so little sign of change that the great anatomist, John Hunter, kept them a considerable time before he could satisfy himself they were really dead. That they are capable of retaining life for a long period in a torpid state is certain. In 1806 a family vault was opened at Norwich, England, after being closed for thirty-two years, and in it was found a torpid living gray bat; and a living bat of a bright scarlet color is said to have been discovered in a large cherry-tree, inclosed in perfectly sound and solid wood, that had apparently grown round it. Still the sleep of the bat is not so deep as that of some other hibernating creatures; a slight rise in temperature, like that afforded by a mild winter's day, will suffice to wake him up and tempt him forth on foraging intent, generally to his discomfiture, as the winter-bound insects do not follow his example; so that a severe winter is most conducive to the bat's health and longevity.

Considering the repulsive appearance and strange habits of the tribe, the bat has not been the subject of so many popular fancies and superstitions as might have been expected. Pliny informs us those impostors, the magicians, taught that by carrying a live bat thrice round a house, and then nailing it outside with its head downward, a householder might provide himself with an effective countercharm against evil spells. When it was wanted to protect sheep from harm it had to be carried three times round the fold and hung by the foot to the lintel of the door. Bats' blood, combined in some mysterious way with the thistle, was held a specific for serpents' bites—a strange thing, since Ben Jonson assures us the serpent makes a light meal of a bat when desirous of transforming itself into a dragon. They have been worn as amulets to insure prosperity; but Shakspeare had a very different idea of their properties, thinking "wool of bat" a necessary ingredient in the baleful mess brewed in Hecate's caldron, and making his Caliban curse Prospero with the wish that all the charms of his dam, "toads, beetles, bats," might light on him. It would seem, too, that there was a notion that the untimely appearance of a bat was ominous of evil, by the concocters of a book of prodigies for the edification of pious Nonconformists thinking the following story worth printing: "Upon the 2d of February, 1661, Dr. Belk, one of the prebends of Canterbury, did, in the morning, preach in the cathedral there; and when he was in the midst of his sermon a flinder-mouse, or bat, did come forth, and flew several times from one end of the place to the other; and when he was earnest in speaking the bat struck at him, which the people took great notice of, because of the unusual appearance of the creature at that time of the day and in the cold winter season; as, also, because of the great affront offered by her to the doctor while he was officiating."

The temples and tombs of Egypt swarm with bats, which resent the intrusion of explorers by extinguishing their lights, clinging to their clothes, and annoying them generally. Hot countries are the favorite homes of the bat; and in them it attains a size far beyond any thing known in northern latitudes. When Captain Burton was wending his way to Dahomey he saw the trees blackened with clinging bats, and the sky speckled with swarms of them. The Bornean sky is said to be obscured for two hours at a time by dense flocks of bats. In Ceylon, too, the bat is a noun of multitude: the tunnels of its highways, the galleries of its fortifications, the roofs of its bungalows, and the ruins of its temples abound with them; and every cavern and subterraneous passage affords a convenient domicile for these darkness-loving swarms. From these they issue as the sun goes down, and, bold from impunity, enter the very dining-rooms, and carry off the insects skirmishing round the table-lamps. The island possesses no less than sixteen species, two of which are its own peculiar natives—one, a tiny creature, not much larger than a bumble-bee, of a glossy black hue; the other measuring from three to four feet from point to point of its extended wings. This is the roussette, or flying-fox, with a famous appetite for figs, plantains, rose-apples, guavas, and the flower-buds of the cotton-tree. Of the last the roussettes are especially fond, making the tree their home all day, passing their time hanging on its topmost branches by their hinder claws, with their chins pressed against their breasts, and their heads invested in a mantle of the membrane attached to the fore-arm. Sunset wakes them up to feed. They share the Cingalese love of toddy, and get drunk by frequenting the cocoa-nut trees at toddy-drawing time.

It is comforting to know that even such an unattractive individual as the bat can boast of one ardent friend, even if that friend be nothing better than a little parasitic acrobat rejoicing in the big name of Nycteribia. This extraordinary creature appears as if it had neither head, antennæ, eyes, nor mouth; but these deficiencies are only seeming ones, owing to its habit of resting itself wrong side uppermost, with its head thrown back, and pressed close between the shoulders, leaving no vestige of a head where one would expect to find it. It really has a mouth, antennæ, and four eyes—two upon each side, which attain their proper position by a sudden jerk of the nycteribia's flexible leathery neck. For the purpose of progression this parasite is provided with three pairs of legs armed with prehensile hooks; these hooks are so arranged as to appear equally distributed over the upper and under sides of the insect, and render it perfectly independent of the movements of the bat, through whose fur it moves at an inconceivably rapid rate, rolling like a wheel rotating on the extremities of its spokes. If it be true that

> E'en little fleas have lesser fleas
> Upon their backs to bite 'em,
> And these, again, have lesser fleas,
> And so *ad infinitum*,

the lesser flea that accompanies the bat's parasite in its extraordinary gyrations must be a curiosity indeed.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

LADY BASSETT was paralyzed for a minute or two by this speech. At last she replied by asking a question—rather a curious one. "Who nursed you, Charles?"

"What, when I was a baby? How can I tell? Yes, by-the-bye, it was my mother nursed me—so I was told."

"And your mother was a Le Compton. This poor boy was nursed by a servant. Oh, she has some good qualities, and is certainly devoted to us—to this day her face brightens at sight of me—but she is essentially vulgar; and do you remember, Charles, I wished to wean him early; but I was overruled, and the poor child drew his nature from that woman for nearly eighteen months; it is a thing unheard of nowadays."

"Well, but surely it is from our parents we draw our nature."

"No; I think it is from our nurses. If Compton or Alec ever turn out like Reginald, blame nobody but their nurse, and that is Me."

Sir Charles smiled faintly at this piece of feminine logic, and asked her what he should do.

She said she was quite unable to advise. Mr. Rolfe was coming to see them soon; perhaps he might be able to suggest something.

Sir Charles said he would consult him; but he was clear on one thing—the boy must be sent from Huntercombe, and so separated from all his present acquaintances.

Mr. Rolfe came, and the distressed father opened his heart to him in strict confidence respecting Reginald.

Rolfe listened and sympathized, and knit his brow, and asked time to consider what he had heard, and also to study the boy for himself.

He angled for him next day accordingly. A little table was taken out on the lawn, and presently Mr. Rolfe issued forth in a uniform suit of dark blue flannel and a sombrero hat, and set to work writing a novel in the sun.

Reginald in due course descried this figure, and it smacked so of that Bohemia to which his own soul belonged that he was attracted thereby, but made his approaches stealthily, like a little cat.

Presently a fiddle went off behind a tree, so close that the novelist leaped out of his seat with an eldrich screech; for he had long ago forgotten all about Mr. Reginald, and, when he got heated in this kind of composition, any sudden sound seemed to his tense nerves and boiling brain about ten times as loud as it really was.

Having relieved himself by a yell, he sat down with the mien of a martyr expecting tortures; but he was most agreeably disappointed; the little monster played an English melody, and played it in tune. This done, he whistled a quick tune, and played a slow second to it in perfect harmony; this done, he whistled the second part and played the quick treble—a very simple feat, but still ingenious for a boy, and new to his hearer.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Rolfe, with all his heart.

Mr. Reginald emerged, radiant with vanity. "You are like me, Mr. Writer," said he; "you don't like to be cooped up in-doors."

"I wish I could play the fiddle like you, my fine fellow."

"Ah, you can't do that all in a minute; see the time I have been at it."

"Ah, to be sure, I forgot your antiquity."

"And it isn't the time only; it's giving your mind to it, old chap."

"What, you don't give your mind to your books, then, as you do to your fiddle, *young gentleman?*"

"Not such a flat. Why, lookee here, governor, if you go and give your mind to a thing you don't like, it's always time wasted, because some other chap, that does like it, will beat you, and what's the use working for to be beat?"

"'For' is redundant," objected Rolfe.

"But if you stick hard to the things you like, you do 'em downright well. But old people are such fools, they always drive you the wrong way. They make the gals play music six hours a day, and you might as well set the hen bull-finches to pipe. Look at the gals as come here, how they rattle up and down the piano, and can't make it sing a morsel. Why, they *couldn't* rattle like that, if they'd music in their skins, d—n 'em; and they drive me to those stupid books, because I'm all for music and moonshine. Can you keep a secret?"

"As the tomb."

"Well, then, I can do plenty of things well, besides fiddling: I can set a wire with any poacher in the parish. I have caught plenty of our old man's hares in my time; and it takes a workman to set a wire as it should be. Show me a wire, and I'll tell you whether it was Hudson, or Whitbeck, or Squinting Jack, or who it was that set it. I know all their work that walks by moonlight hereabouts."

"This is criticism; a science; I prefer art: play me another tune, my bold Bohemian."

"Ah, I thought I should catch ye with my fiddle. You're not such a muff as the others, old 'un, not by a long chalk. Hang me if I won't give ye 'Ireland's music,' and I've sworn never to waste that on a fool."

He played the old Irish air so simply and tunably that Rolfe leaned back in his chair, with half-closed eyes, in soft voluptuous ecstasy.

The youngster watched him with his coal-black eye.

"I like you," said he, "better than I thought I should, a precious sight."

"Highly flattered."

"Come with me, and hear my nurse sing it."

"What, and leave my novel?"

"Oh, bother your novel."

"And so I will. That will be tit for tat; it has bothered me. Lead on, Bohemian bold."

The boy took him, over hedge and ditch, the short-cut to Meyrick's farm; and caught Mrs. Meyrick, and said she must sing "Ireland's music" to Rolfe the writer.

Mrs. Meyrick apologized for her dress, and affected shyness about singing: Mr. Reginald stared at first, then let her know that, if she was going to be affected like the girls that came to the Hall, he should hate her, as he did them, and this he confirmed with a naughty word.

Thus threatened, she came to book, and sang Ireland's melody in a low, rich, sonorous voice; Reginald played a second; the harmony was so perfect and strong that certain glass candelabra on the mantel-piece rang loudly, and the drops vibrated. Then he made her sing the second, and he took the treble with his violin; and he wound up by throwing in a third part himself, a sort of counter-tenor, his own voice being much higher than the woman's.

The tears stood in Rolfe's eyes. "Well," said he, "you have got the soul of music, you two. I could listen to you 'From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve.'"

As they returned to Huntercombe, this mercurial youth went off at a tangent, and Rolfe saw him no more.

He wrote in peace, and walked about between the heats.

Just before dinner-time the screams of women were heard hard by, and the writer hurried to the place, in time to see Mr. Bassett hanging by the shoulder from the branch of a tree, about twenty feet from the ground.

Rolfe hallooed, as he ran, to the women, to fetch blankets to catch him, and got under the tree, determined to try and catch him in his arms, if necessary; but he encouraged the boy to hold on.

"All right, governor," said the boy, in a quavering voice.

It was very near the kitchen; maids and men poured out with blankets; eight people held one, under Rolfe's direction, and down came Mr. Bassett in a semicircle, and bounded up again off the blanket, like an India rubber ball.

His quick mind recovered courage the moment he touched wool.

"Crikey! that's jolly," said he; "give me another toss or two."

"Oh no! no!" said a good-natured maid. "Take an' put him to bed right off, poor dear."

"Hold your tongue, ye bitch," said young hopeful; "if ye don't toss me, I'll turn ye all off, as soon as ever the old un kicks the bucket."

Thus menaced, they thought it prudent to toss him; but, at the third toss, he yelled out, "Oh! oh! oh! I'm all wet: it's blood! I'm dead!"

Then they examined, and found his arm was severely lacerated by an old nail that had been driven into the tree, and it had torn the flesh in his fall: he was covered with blood, the sight of which quenched his manly spirit, and he began to howl.

"Old linen rag, warm water, and a bottle of Champagne," shouted Rolfe: the servants flew.

Rolfe dressed and bandaged the wound for him, and then he felt faint: the Champagne soon set that right; and then he wanted to get drunk, alleging, as a reason, that he had not been drunk for this two months.

Sir Charles was told of the accident, and was distressed by it, and also by the cause.

"Rolfe," said he, sorrowfully, "there is a ring-dove's nest on that tree: she and hers have built there in peace and safety for a hundred years, and cooed about the place. My unhappy boy was climbing the tree to take the young, after solemnly promising me he never would: that is the bitter truth. What shall I do with the young barbarian?"

He sighed, and Lady Bassett echoed the sigh.

Said Rolfe, "The young barbarian, as you call him, has disarmed me: he plays the fiddle like a civilized angel."

"Oh, Mr. Rolfe!"

"What, you his mother, and not found that out yet? Oh yes, he has a heaven-born genius for music."

Rolfe then related the musical feats of the urchin.

Sir Charles begged to observe that this talent would go a very little way toward fitting him to succeed his father and keep up the credit of an ancient family.

"Dear Charles, Mr. Rolfe knows that; but it is like him to make the best of things, to encourage us. But what do you think of him, on the whole, Mr. Rolfe? has Sir Charles more to hope or to fear?"

"Give me another day or two to study him," said Rolfe.

That night there was a loud alarm. Mr. Bassett was running about the veranda in his night-dress.

They caught him and got him to bed, and Rolfe said it was fever; and, with the assistance of Sir Charles and a footman, laid him between two towels steeped in tepid water, then drew blankets tight over him, and, in short, packed him.

"Ah!" said he, complacently; "I say, give me a drink of moonshine, old chap."

"I'll give you a bucketful," said Rolfe; then, with the servant's help, took his little bed and put it close to the window; the moonlight streamed in on the boy's face, his great black eyes glittered in it. He was diabolically beautiful. "Kiss me, moonshine," said he; "I like to wash in you."

Next day he was, apparently, quite well, and certainly ripe for fresh mischief. Rolfe studied him, and, the evening before he went, gave Sir Charles and Lady Bassett his opinion, but not with his usual alacrity; a weight seemed to hang on him, and, more than once, his voice trembled.

"I shall tell you," said he, "what I see—what I foresee—and then, with great diffidence, what I advise.

"I see—what naturalists call, a reversion in race, a boy who resembles in color and features neither of his parents, and, indeed, bears little resemblance to any of the races that have inhabited England since history was written. He suggests rather some Oriental type."

Sir Charles turned round in his chair, with a sigh, and said, "We are to have a romance, it seems."

Lady Bassett stared with all her eyes, and began to change color.

The theorist continued, with perfect composure, "I don't undertake to account for it with any precision. How can I? Perhaps there is Moorish blood in your family, and here it has revived; you look incredulous, but there are plenty of examples, ay, and stronger than this: every child that is born resembles some progenitor; how then do you account for Julia Pastrana, a young lady who dined with me last week, and sang me 'Ah perdona,' rather feebly, in the evening? Bust and figure like any other lady, hand exquisite, arms neatly turned, but with long, silky hair from the elbow to the wrist. Face, ugh! forehead made of black leather, eyes all pupil, nose an excrescence, chin pure monkey, face all covered with hair; briefly, a type extinct ten thousand years before Adam, yet it could revive at this time of day. Compared with La Pastrana, and many much weaker examples of antiquity revived, that I have seen, your Mauritanian son is no great marvel, after all."

"This is a *little* too far-fetched," said Sir Charles, satirically; "Bella's father was a very dark man, and it is a tradition in our family that all the Bassetts were as black as ink till they married with you Rolfes, in the year 1684."

"Oho!" said Rolfe, "is it so? See how discussion brings out things."

"And then," said Lady Bassett, "Charles dear, tell Mr. Rolfe what *I* think."

"Ay, do," said Rolfe; "that will be a new form of circumlocution."

Sir Charles complied, with a smile. "Lady Bassett's theory is, that children derive their nature quite as much from their wet-nurses as from their parents, and she thinks the faults we deplore in Reginald are to be traced to his nurse; by-the-bye, she is a dark woman too."

"Well," said Rolfe, "there's a good deal of truth in that, as far as regards the disposition. But I never heard color so accounted for; yet why not? It has been proved that the very bones of young animals can be colored pink, by feeding them on milk so colored."

"There!" said Lady Bassett.

"But no nurse could give your son a color which is not her own. I have seen the woman; she is only a dark Englishwoman. Her arms were embrowned by exposure, but her forehead was not brown. Mr. Reginald is quite another thing. The skin of his body, the white of his eye, the pupil, all look like a reversion to some Oriental type; and, mark the coincidence, he has mental peculiarities that point toward the East."

Sir Charles lost patience. "On the contrary," said he, "he talks and feels just like an English snob, and makes me miserable."

"Oh, as to that, he has picked up vulgar phrases at that farm, and in your stables; but he never picked up his musical genius in stables and farms, far less his poetry."

"What poetry?"

"What poetry? Why, did not you hear him? Was it not poetical of a wounded, fevered boy to beg to be laid by the window, and to say 'Let me drink the moonshine?' Take down your Homer, and read a thousand lines hap-hazard, and see whether you stumble over a thought more poetical than that. But criticism does not exist: whatever the dead said was good; whatever the living say is little; as if the dead were a race apart, and had never been the living, and the living would never be the dead."

Heaven knows where he was running to now, but Sir Charles stopped him by conceding that point. "Well, you are right: poor child, it was poetical," and the father's pride predominated, for a moment, over every other sentiment.

"Yes; but where did it come from? That looks to me a typical idea; I mean an idea derived, not from his luxurious parents, dwellers in curtained mansions, but from some out-door and remote ancestor; perhaps from the Oriental tribe that first colonized Britain; they worshiped the sun and the moon, no doubt; or perhaps, after all, it only came from some wandering tribe that passed their lives between the two lights of heaven, and never set foot in a human dwelling."

"This," said Sir Charles, "is a flattering speculation, but so wild and romantic that I fear it will lead us to no practical result. I thought you undertook to advise me. What advice can you build on these cobwebs of your busy brain?"

"Excuse me, my practical friend," said Rolfe. "I opened my discourse in three heads. What I see—what I foresee—and what, with diffidence, I advise. Pray don't disturb my methodus, or I am done for; never disturb an artist's form. I have told you what I see. What I foresee is this: you will have to cut off the entail with Reginald's consent, when he is of age, and make the Saxon boy Compton your successor. Cutting off entails runs in families, like every thing else; your grandfather did it, and so will you. You should put by a few thousands every year, that you may be able to do this without injustice either to your Oriental or your Saxon son."

"Never!" shouted Sir Charles: then, in a broken voice, "He is my first-born, and my idol; his coming into the world rescued me out of a morbid condition: he healed my one great grief. Bar the entail, and put his younger brother in his place—never!"

Mr. Rolfe bowed his head politely, and left the subject, which, indeed, could be carried no farther without serious offense.

"And now for my advice. The question is, how to educate this strange boy. One thing is clear; it is no use trying the humdrum plan any longer; it has been tried, and failed. I should adapt his education to his nature. Education is made as stiff and unyielding as a board; but it need not be. I should abolish that spectacled tutor of yours at once, and get a tutor, young, enterprising, manly, and supple, who would obey orders; and the order should be to observe the boy's nature, and teach accordingly. Why need men teach in a chair, and boys learn in a chair? The Athenians studied not in chairs. The Peripatetics, as their name imports, hunted knowledge afoot; those who sought truth in the groves of Academus were not seated at that work. Then let the tutor walk with him, and talk with him by sunlight and moonlight, relating old history, and commenting on each new thing that is done, or word spoken, and improve every occasion. Why, I myself would give a guinea a day to walk with William White about the kindly aspects and wooded slopes of Selborne, or with Karr about his garden. Cut Latin and Greek clean out of the scheme. They are mere cancers to those who can never excel in them. Teach him not dead languages, but living facts. Have him in your justice-room for half an hour a day, and give him your own comments on what he has heard there. Let his tutor take him to all Quarter Sessions and Assizes, and stick to him like diaculum, especially out-of-doors; order him never to be admitted to the stable-yard; dismiss every biped there that lets him come. Don't let him visit his nurse so often, and never without his tutor; it was she who taught him to look forward to your decease; that is just like these common women. Such a tutor as I have described will deserve £500 a year. Give it him; and dismiss him if he plays humdrum, and doesn't earn it. Dismiss half a dozen, if necessary, till you get a fellow with a grain or two of genius for tuition. When the boy is seventeen, what with his Oriental precocity, and this system of education, he will know the world as well as a Saxon boy of twenty-one, and that is not saying much. Then, if his nature is still as wild, get him a large tract in Australia; cattle to breed, kangaroos to shoot, swift horses to thread the bush and gallop mighty tracts; he will not shirk business, if it avoids the repulsive form of sitting down in-doors, and offers itself in combination with riding, hunting, galloping, cracking of rifles, and of colonial whips as loud as rifles, and drinking sunshine and moonshine in that mellow clime, beneath the Southern Cross and the spangled firmament of stars unknown to us."

His own eyes sparkled like hot coals at this Bohemian picture.

Then he sighed and returned to civilization. "But," said he, "be ready with eighty thousand pounds for him, that he may enjoy his own way and join you in barring the entail. I forgot, I must say no more on that subject; I see it is as offensive—as it is inevitable. Cassandra has spoken wisely, and, I see, in vain. God bless you both—good-night."

And he rolled out of the room with a certain clumsy importance.

Sir Charles treated all this advice with a polite forbearance while he was in the room, but on his departure delivered a sage reflection.

"Strange," said he, "that a man so valuable in any great emergency should be so extravagant and eccentric in the ordinary affairs of life. I might as well drive to Bellevue House and consult the first gentleman I met there."

Lady Bassett did not reply immediately, and Sir Charles observed that her face was very red and her hands trembled.

"Why, Bella," said he, "has all that rhodomontade upset you?"

Lady Bassett looked frightened at his noticing her agitation, and said that Mr. Rolfe always overpowered her. "He is so large, and so confident, and throws such new light on things."

"New light! Wild eccentricity always does that; but it is the light of Jack-o'-lantern. On a great question, so near my heart as this, give me the steady light of common-sense, not the wayward coruscations of a fiery imagination. Bella dear, I shall send the boy to a good school, and so cut off at one blow all the low associations that have caused the mischief."

"You know what is best, dear," said Lady Bassett; "you are wiser than any of us."

In the morning she got hold of Mr. Rolfe, and asked him if he could put her in the way of getting more than three per cent. for her money *without risk*.

"Only one," said Rolfe. "London Freeholds in rising situations let to substantial tenants. I can get you five per cent. that way, if you are always ready to buy. The thing does not offer every day."

"I have twenty thousand pounds to dispose of so," said Lady Bassett.

"Very well," said Rolfe. "I'll look out for you, but Oldfield must examine titles and do the actual business. The best of that investment is, it is always improving; no ups and downs. Come," thought he, "Cassandra has not spoken quite in vain."

Sir Charles acted on his judgment, and in due course sent Mr. Bassett to a school at some distance, kept by a clergyman, who had the credit in that county of exercising sharp supervision and strict discipline.

Sir Charles made no secret of the boy's eccentricities. Mr. Beecher said he had one or two steady boys who assisted him in such cases.

Sir Charles thought that a very good idea; it was like putting a wild colt into the break with a steady horse.

He missed the boy sadly at first, but comforted himself with the conviction that he had parted with him for his good: that consoled him somewhat.

The younger children of Sir Charles and Lady Bassett were educated entirely by their mother, and taught as none but a loving lady can teach.

Compton, with whom we have to do, never knew the thorns with which the path of letters is apt to be strewn. A mistress of the great art of pleasing made knowledge from the first a primrose path to him. Sparkling all over with intelligence, she impregnated her boy with it. She made herself his favorite companion; she would not keep her distance. She stole and coaxed knowledge and goodness into his heart and mind with rare and loving cunning.

She taught him English and French and Latin on the Hamiltonian plan, and stored his young mind with history and biography, and read to him, and conversed with him on every thing as they read it.

She taught him to speak the truth, and to be honorable and just.

She taught him to be polite, and even formal, rather than free-and-easy and rude. She taught him to be a man. He must not be what brave boys called a molly-coddle: like most womanly women, she had a veneration for man, and she gave him her own high idea of the manly character.

Natural ability, and habitual contact with a mind so attractive and so rich, gave this intelligent boy many good ideas beyond his age.

When he was six years old, Lady Bassett made him pass his word of honor that he would never go into the stable-yard; and even then he was far enough advanced to keep his word religiously.

In return for this she let him taste some sweets of liberty, and was not always after him. She was profound enough to see that without liberty a noble character can not be formed; and she husbanded the curb.

One day he represented to her that, in the meadow next their lawn, were great stripes of yellow, which were possibly cowslips; of course they might be only buttercups, but he hoped better things of them: he further reported that there was an iron gate between him and this paradise: he could get over it if not objectionable; but he thought it safest to ask her what she thought of the matter; was that iron gate intended to keep little boys from the cowslips, because, if so, it was a misfortune to which he must resign himself. Still, it *was* a misfortune. All this, of course, in the simple language of boyhood.

Then Lady Bassett smiled, and said, "Suppose I were to lend you a key of that iron gate?"

"Oh, mamma!"

"I have a great mind to."

"Then you will, you will."

"Does that follow?"

"Yes: whenever you say you think you'll do something kind, or you have a great mind to do it, you know you always do it; and that is one thing I do like you for, mamma—you are better than your word."

"Better than my word? Where does the child learn these things?"

"La, mamma, papa says that often."

"Oh, that accounts for it. I like the phrase very much. I wish I could think I deserved it. At any rate, I will be as good as my word for once; you shall have a key of the gate."

The boy clapped his hands with delight.

The key was sent for, and, meantime, she told him one reason why she had trusted him with it was because he had been as good as his word about the stable.

The key was brought, and she held it up half playfully, and said, "There, Sir, I deliver you this upon conditions: you must only use it when the weather is quite dry, because the grass in the meadow is longer, and will be wet. Do you promise?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And you must always lock the gate when you come back, and bring the key to one place—let me see—the drawer in the hall table, the one with marble on it; for you know a place for every thing is our rule. On these conditions, I hereby deliver you this magic key, with the right of egress and ingress."

"Egress and ingress?"

"Egress and ingress."

"Is that foreign for cowslips, mamma—and oxlips?"

"Ha! ha! the child's head is full of cowslips. There is the dictionary; look out Egress, and afterward look out Ingress."

When he had added these two words to his little vocabulary, his mother asked him if he would be good enough to tell her why he did not care much about all the beautiful flowers in the garden, and was so excited about cowslips, which appeared to her a flower of no great beauty, and the smell rather sickly, begging his pardon.

This question posed him dreadfully: he looked at her in a sort of comic distress, and then sat gravely down all in a heap, about a yard off, to think.

Finally he turned to her with a wry face, and said, "Why *do* I, mamma?"

She smiled deliciously. "No, no, Sir," said she. "How can I get inside your little head and tell what is there? There must be a reason, I suppose; and you know you and I are never satisfied till we get at the reason of a thing. But there is no hurry, dear. I give you a week to find it out. Now run and open the gate—stay, are there any cows in that field?"

"Sometimes, mamma; but they have no horns, you know."

"Upon your word?"

"Upon my honor. I am not fond of them with horns, myself."

"Then run away, darling. But you must come and hunt me up, and tell me how you enjoyed yourself, because that makes *me* happy, you know."

This is mawkish; but it will serve to show on what terms the woman and boy were.

On second thoughts, I recall that apology, and defy creation. "The Mawkish" is a branch of literature, a great and popular one, and I have neglected it savagely.

Master Compton opened the iron gate, and the world was all before him where to choose.

He chose one of those yellow stripes that had so attracted him. Horror! it was all buttercups, and deil a cowslip.

Nevertheless, pursuing his researches, he found plenty of that delightful flower scattered about the meadow in thinner patches; and he gathered a double handful and dirtied his knees.

Returning, thus laden, from his first excursion, he was accosted by a fluty voice.

"Little boy!"

He looked up, and saw a girl standing on the lower bar of a little wooden gate painted white, looking over.

"*Please* bring me my ball," said she, pathetically.

Compton looked about, and saw a soft ball of many colors lying near.

He put down his cowslips gravely, and brought her the ball. He gave it her with a blush, because she was a strange girl; and she blushed a little, because he did.

He returned to his cowslips.

"Little boy!" said the voice, "please bring me my ball again."

He brought it her, with undisturbed politeness. She was giggling; he laughed too, at that.

"You did it on purpose that time," said he, solemnly.

"La! you don't think I'd be so wicked," said she.

Compton shook his head doubtfully, and, considering the interview at an end, turned to go, when instantly the ball knocked his hat off, and nothing of the malefactress was visible but a black eye sparkling with fun and mischief, and a bit of forehead wedged against the angle of the wall.

This being a challenge, Compton said, "Now you come out after that, and stand a shot, like a man."

The invitation to be masculine did not tempt her a bit; the only thing she put out was her hand, and that she drew in, with a laugh, the moment he threw at it.

At this juncture a voice cried, "Ruperta! what are you doing there?"

Ruperta made a rapid signal with her hand to Compton, implying that he was to run away; and she herself walked demurely toward the person who had called her.

It was three days before Compton saw her again, and then she beckoned him royally to her.

"Little boy," said she, "talk to me."

Compton looked at her a little confounded, and did not reply.

"Stand on this gate, like me, and talk," said she.

He obeyed the first part of this mandate, and stood on the lower bar of the little gate; so their two figures made a V, when they hung back, and a tenpenny nail when they came forward and met, and this motion they continued through the dialogue; and it was a pity the little wretches could not keep still, and send for my friend the English Titian: for, when their heads were in position, it was indeed a pretty picture of childish and flower-like beauty and contrast; the boy fair, blue-eyed, and with exquisite golden hair; the girl black-eyed, black-browed, and with eyelashes of incredible length and beauty, and a cheek brownish, but tinted, and so glowing with health and vigor that, pricked with a needle, it seemed ready to squirt carnation right into your eye.

She dazzled Master Compton so that he could do nothing but look at her.

"Well?" said she, smiling.

"Well," replied he, pretending her "well" was not an interrogatory, but a concise statement, and that he had discharged the whole duty of man by according a prompt and cheerful consent.

"You begin," said the lady.

"No, you."

"What for?"

"Because—I think—you are the cleverest."

"Good little boy! Well, then, I will. Who are you?"

"I am Compton. Who are you, please?"

"I am Ruperta."

"I never heard that name before."

"No more did I. I think they measured me for it: you live in the great house there, don't you?"

"Yes, Ruperta."

"Well, then, I live in the little house. It is not very little either. It's Highmore. I saw you in church one day; is that lady with the hair your mamma?"

"Yes, Ruperta."

"She is beautiful."

"Isn't she?"

"But mine is so good."

"Mine is very good too, Ruperta. Wonderfully good."

"I like you, Compton—a little."

"I like you a good deal, Ruperta."

"La, do you? I wonder at that: you are like a cherub, and I am such a black thing."

"But that is why I like you. Reginald is darker than you, and oh, so beautiful!"

"Hum!—he is a very bad boy."

"No, he is not."

"Don't tell stories, child; he is. I know all about him. A wicked, vulgar, bad boy."

"He is not," cried Compton, almost sniveling: but he altered his mind, and fired up. "You are a naughty, story-telling girl, to say that."

"Bless *me!*" said Ruperta, coloring high, and tossing her head haughtily.

"I don't like you *now*, Ruperta," said Compton, with all the decent calmness of a settled conviction.

"You don't!" screamed Ruperta. "Then go about your business directly, and don't never come here again! Scolding *me!* How dare you?—oh! oh! oh!" and the little lady went off slowly, with her finger in her eye; and Master Compton looked rather rueful, as we all do when this charming sex has recourse to what may be called "liquid reasoning." I have known the most solid reasons unable to resist it.

However, "mens conscia recti," and, above all, the cowslips, enabled Compton to resist, and he troubled his head no more about her that day.

But he looked out for her the next day, and she did not come; and that rather disappointed him.

The next day was wet, and he did not go into the meadow, being on honor not to do so.

The fourth day was lovely, and he spent a long time in the meadow, in hopes: he saw her for a moment at the gate; but she speedily retired.

He was disappointed.

However, he collected a good store of cowslips, and then came home.

As he passed the door out popped Ruperta from some secret ambush, and said, "Well?"

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

"Well," replied Compton.

"Are you better, dear?"

"I'm very well, thank you," said the boy.

"In your mind, I mean. You were cross last time, you know."

Compton remembered his mother's lessons about manly behavior, and said, in a jaunty way, "Well, I s'pose I was a little cross."

Now the other cunning little thing had come